THE SPHERE

Vol. CXL No. 1834

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

MARCH 16 1935

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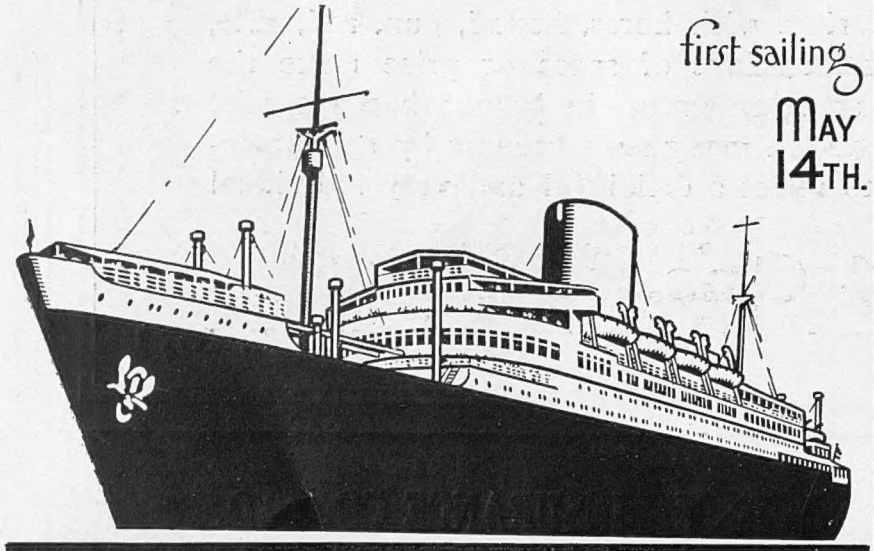

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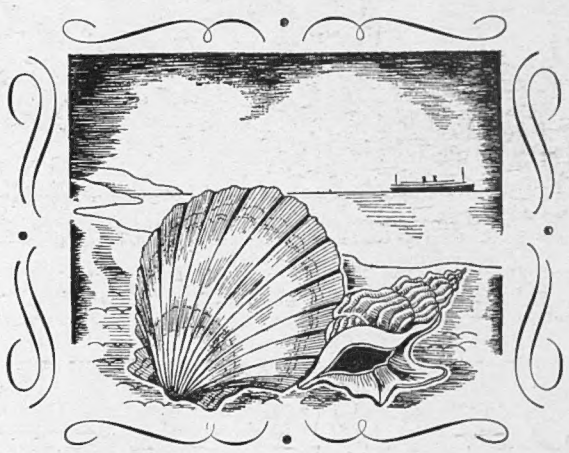

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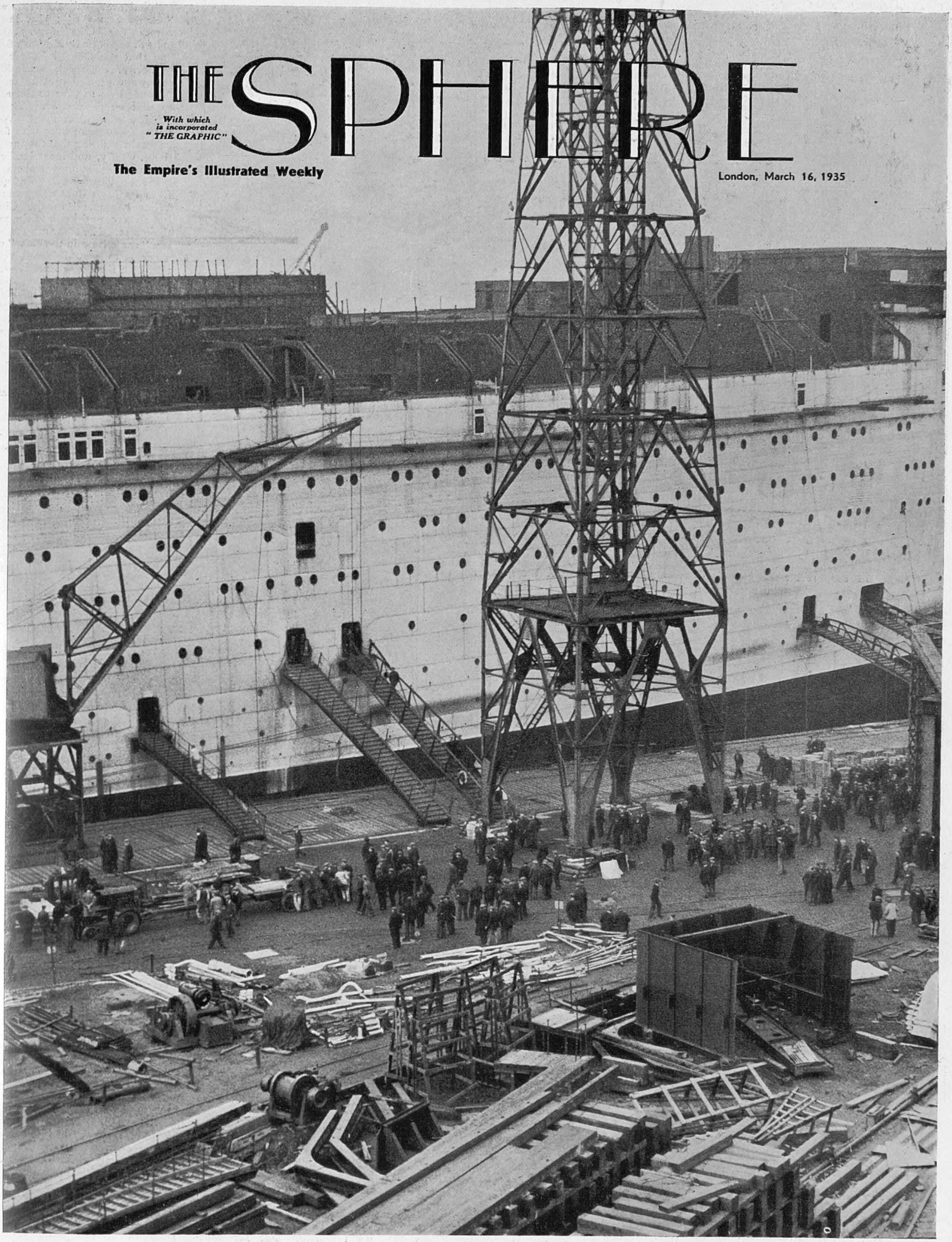
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 16, 1935



FLOATING METROPOLIS

The Giant Cunard White Star Liner "Queen Mary"—The Grand Hotel of the Deep—Towering Above the Fitting-out Basin at Clydebank

Few ships have caught the public imagination to quite the same extent as the *Queen Mary*, and when this stately liner sets out for New York in the spring of next year she will be crowded to capacity with passengers who have booked their berths many months in advance for the honour of travelling in her on her maiden voyage. While the *Queen Mary* will attempt to capture the speed record of the North Atlantic—an achievement that means so much in national prestige—she will, nevertheless, operate in conjunction with her great rival, the *Normandie*, and the two liners, by always travelling in opposite directions, will thus reduce competition to a minimum. Work is progressing with great rapicity on the fitting-out of the British vessel in Messrs. John Brown's yard at Clydebank and already her superstructure is beginning to take shape. She will have twelve decks and accommodation for three classes of travellers—first, tourist, and third—and 25 public rooms will be at their disposal. Many of the cabins will have private bathrooms, and the ship will offer a standard of seaworthiness and comfort which but a few decades ago would have been deemed impossible. (More detailed pictures will be found on pages 382–3)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD: The King and Queen walking along the promenade at Eastbourne where they are taking a long holiday prior to the commencement of the Silver Jubilee celebrations. During the first week of their stay they were surrounded by crowds whenever they appeared outside the grounds of Compton Place, and as a result the municipal authorities had to request the public not to intrude upon Their Majesties' privacy

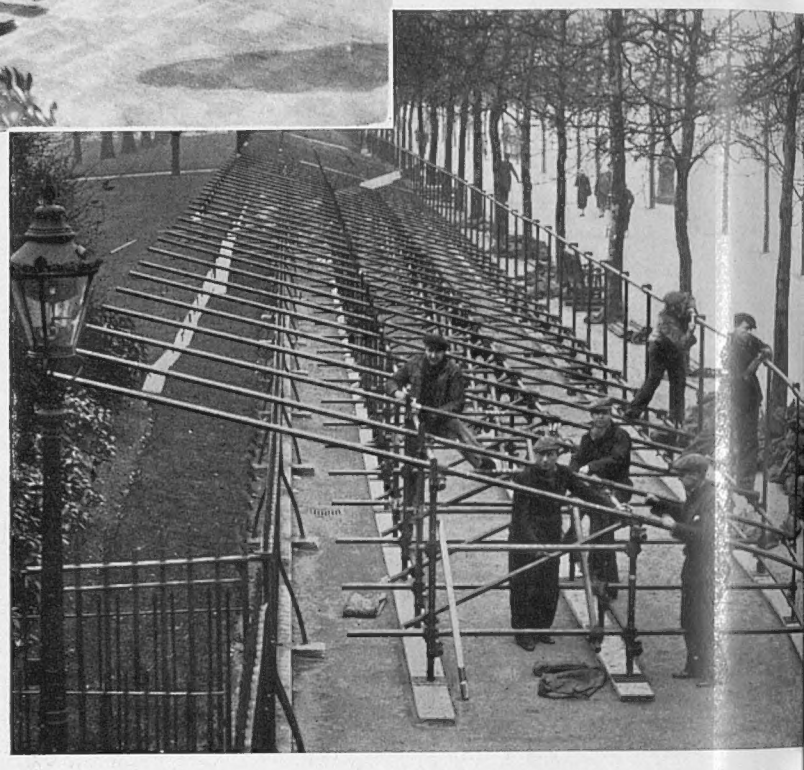
A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 13, 1935.

TIME'S REVENGE—IN POLITICS.—Suppose that twenty years ago Mr. MacDonald had been discussing the future with (let us say) Lord Ponsonby. And suppose Mr. Arthur Ponsonby (as he then was) had (assuming for a moment the cloak of the prophet) offered to bet Mr. M. that twenty years hence he, as first Minister, would be defending and explaining the necessity for a substantial increase in armaments, in Parliament, what would have been Mr. MacDonald's reaction? He would have commended Mr. Ponsonby's clear-sightedness in as far as his prophecy visualised Mr. MacDonald in the seat of Pitt, Gladstone, etc., but in as far as it visualised his defending a large increase in national expenditure on armaments he would have dismissed Mr. P. as more offensive than funny. Is this not true? And is it not strange how the logic of facts and events turn "men of destiny" into puppets, and blow their principles this way and that like chaff in autumn gales. Yet so it is. The "life-long pacifist" (who suffered courageously for his opinions in the War) deemed that no hand but his own could draft the arguments and set out the figures in that now famous or "infamous" White Paper, which were the basis of the debate in the House on Monday; so vital was the need, so necessary that all sections of the public should comprehend the need for Britain largely to increase her armaments at the very moment when the international skies of lead showed a little rift. What an impossible position for a man to find himself in if he be without that political experience and historical knowledge which enable men not to attach too much importance to an individual's "convictions," nor to despise too deeply a man who confesses to a change of view.

EVENTS SHAPE MEN.—Mr. MacDonald has that experience. I feel certain he appreciates that (whatever enemies and the mischievous will say) the logic of facts can play skittles with strong men's convictions, and that events shape men and not vice versâ. He may add a rider in his defence and say (with truth, I am sure) that his convictions remain unshaken, but events have diverted his course of action. And that is the accepted view. We cannot afford to "save Europe by our example" beyond a point marked "danger." If the skies show a rift of blue, Europe is still at the mercy of many blind and bloody-minded gangs, and with our responsibilities and our own vulnerability we must bring our air armament to a state of parity with first-class Powers. We must replace in our navy capital ships which grow antiquated, and prepare our fleet to meet attack from a new direction—from the sky—and so equip our tiny standing army that at least it would in a last resort form a model for the creation of a national army of defence, which would be up to date and in step with the modern conception of scientific warfare. But it is the irony of Fate and hard facts that it should be Mr. MacDonald of all people who must explain and defend this heavy effusion of "blood-money" in this year of grace, and it is small wonder if he make an easy target for the coco-nuts.

A SLIGHT COLD.—The Führer's dramatic gesture at Saarbrücken—when he removed his coat in order to share a soaking with the rejoicing Saarlanders—gave him a cold or an excuse. If it gave him a cold, he must be blamed for risking his so valuable health. Such gestures are all very well for boys, but middle-aged Führers must not make these Raleigh gestures. But if that cold was introduced as an excuse-diplomatic for putting off Sir John Simon's visit, then one must examine the logic of Hitler's anger at certain passages in the British White Paper on defence. Mr. MacDonald's position is difficult enough without adding the criticism that he shortsightedly waved a red flag at the German bull, just at the moment when the bull was being peacefully persuaded to return to the yard. What Mr. MacDonald put his signature to, in the White Paper, was but a faint and polite echo of the thunder of Mr. Baldwin against German rearmament on November 28 last. Mr. Baldwin's thunder was designed to clear the air and Mr. MacDonald's gentle echo of that thunder was a logical preliminary to the Berlin talks. Sir John Simon is bound for Berlin for the sole purpose of tearing away the veil which conceals the policy of Germany in the matter of her still utterly unlawful breach of a treaty to which she is a signatory, and to "bring to light the things which are alarming Europe." Those were Mr. Baldwin's words, and all England and civilization approved them at that time. Germany knows perfectly well that this question of re-arming in Germany is the chief item in Sir John's terms of reference, and her sudden access of injured pride instantly reawakened doubts as to her sincerity. Mr. Baldwin pooh-poohed those doubts in last week's great debate. For Mr. MacDonald, too, was nursing a cold, and once more escaped having to make the *vocal* defence of increase in armament expenditure.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE SILVER JUBILEE CELEBRATIONS: Workmen erecting stands along the Mall in readiness for the State procession to St. Paul's Cathedral on May 6

PEPPER AND ALL THAT.—Persuasive, tolerant Mr. Runciman easily persuaded a House, at first uneasy, that no effort would be made by the Government to burke inquiry into the pepper "scandal" and that no effort would be spared by the Official Receiver during the James and Shakespeare inquiry to sift the facts and allot the blame. In a word, Mr. Runciman satisfied everybody that this was no "affaire Stavisky"; that the good name of the "City" was not thereby to be dragged justly through the mire and that the Official Receiver is an authority, impartial, unafraid, and pretty severe, and that he might be depended on to give to those found to deserve it—pepper. There the affair rests for the moment. We must not confuse commerce with finance, beyond admitting that they are essentially, vitally, and inextricably interdependent. Dealings in commodities differ in obvious and less obvious ways from dealings in stocks and shares. What happens "in the City" is largely a closed book to the man-in-the-street. For some mysterious reason "something in the City" usually suggests to the uninitiated a connection with the Stock Exchange. The City houses more merchants and directors and workers in industrial and commercial undertakings than stockbrokers, jobbers, and bankers. But whenever there is any sort of alleged scandal in the City, a good many quite sensible, intelligent people are struck afresh with the apparent lack of control which characterizes the wealthiest callings open to so-called educated men. Every one of the higher professions is controlled by a governing body whose sanctions are effective and real. None can qualify in those professions without passing a severe test. Into "the City" anybody can drift; the callow youth, the retired officer, the failure in other occupations. On the Stock Exchange, for instance, a youth of twenty, given useful connections, can in boom times earn on half-commission a Prime Minister's salary in his first year. I know one who, as a boy of twenty, joined a stockbroking firm on half-commission in the last year of the boom. He drew £4,100 as his first year's earnings. These remarks would be irrelevant here if it were not notorious that financiers, pure and simple, have been engaged in these lamentable commodity speculations. The City, indeed, in its deplorably uncontrolled state, does provide a powerful weapon to those who decry capitalism, and none of the many grave scandals of various kinds in recent times has succeeded in tightening up control or turning this highly profitable calling, or group of callings (which so vitally affect the nation's pocket) into a "learned profession," controlled, disciplined and regulated.

LIFE PEERAGES—A STEP TO REFORM.—It looks as if the long-overdue reform of the Upper House is to become practical politics at last. Next Parliament I fancy is bound to bring it about. If Socialism triumphs, the Upper House will be contemptuously kicked down the back stairs; if National

Goverment remains, even Mr. Baldwin must shake off his apathy (or fears of party rifts) and proceed on sane and constitutional lines to remove a glaring anachronism—and danger. Very few politicians have had time or inclination to follow the question continuously through its stages and experiments in theory. Lord Rockley—Sir Evelyn Cecil that was—is one of the few. He has kept the subject continuously in view and has benefited by the work of pioneers and learned the lessons of earlier failure. *The Times* puts the question of Lords' Reform—as at present widely agreed—in a nutshell.

(*a*) The present hereditary basis is an anachronism.

(*b*) It must be abolished, and not in part but wholly; because it is impossible to graft an elected element upon a pruned hereditary stem.

(*c*) But an elected house is also wholly objectionable to a great majority of sane citizens. Because—

1. It would "compete" with the Lower House.

2. It would defeat its own object by diluting the needed "reservoir of experienced, broad-viewed statesmen."

Therefore, the principle of nomination to life-peerages remains as the only method of approach to reform, and Lord Rockley's action last week in "moving for an address to the King to waive his prerogative" is the first and constitutional step.

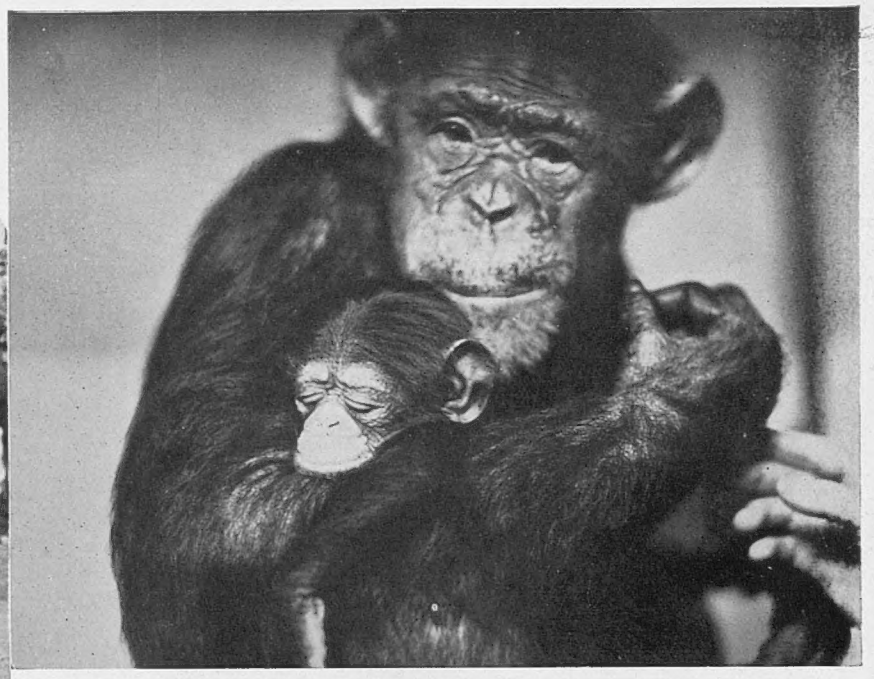
The Crown's power to create life-peerages (save as aforesaid) was then and thereafter negatived. In a word, such a creation gave no power to the life-peer to sit or vote in Parliament. The oblique wording of Lord Rockley's Address signifies that the Crown will no longer create hereditary peers ad lib. carrying a perpetual right of summons to succeeding holders. But the Crown's right to create life-peerages carrying the right to sit and vote must be confirmed by Parliament. That right would then be constantly exercised to replenish and keep to its agreed level a reformed House of Lords—from which, of course, for their lives, selected hereditary peers would not be excluded. Indeed, at the present moment there are perhaps 80 hereditary peers who would have first claim to inclusion in a reformed House by acclamation of all parties. But 80 is a small enough proportion of the existing hereditary House, and this number (which is on the generous side) indicates the urgency of the reform. The hereditary system is dead; the elective plan is still-born; the selective, by means of life peerages, alone remains.

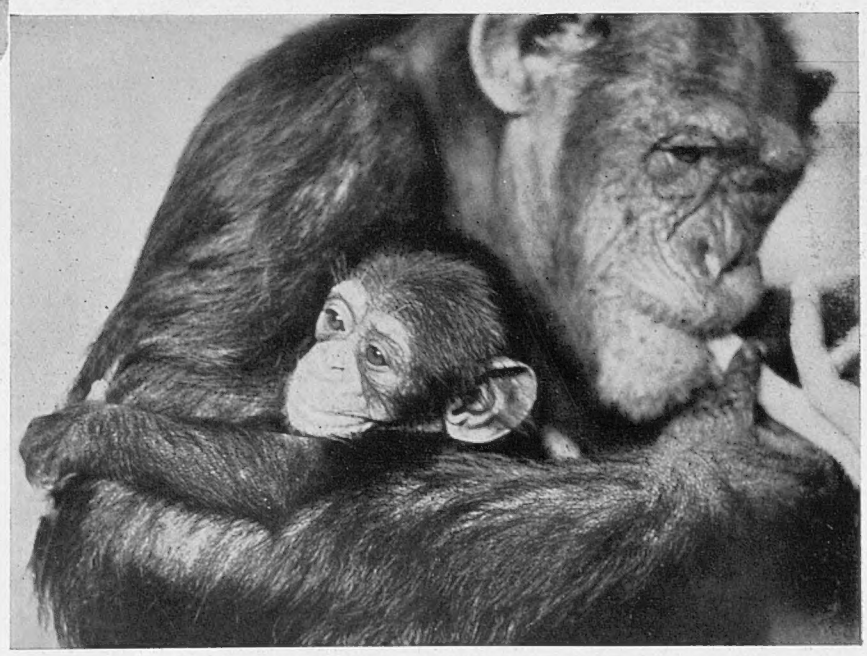
WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.—Looking back on it all, the Greek revolution appears to us a crime, a blunder, and a futility beyond description or cataloguing. It was a crime against civilization firstly, because the Balkans are a powder magazine and the revolutionary Greeks were deliberately throwing lighted matches about. For a moment it looked as if the Balkans would blaze up; Turkey and Bulgaria appeared to be massing, Italy and Jugoslavia to be pricking their ears. That menace died away, after a frank discussion before the League (another feather in the League's cap). And then the Greeks were left to themselves to kill each other and fight it out. The Macedonian Front was saluted with full journalistic honours, and the great stars in a dying profession—war journalism—came to their own again, and set the wires humming with their word pictures from the seat of war, in the bad old way. It remains for civilization to judge the ring-leaders in that disgraceful business. So far as can be proved at present (and it is fair to say we have not heard the defence of the revolutionaries as set forth by their counsel), M. Venizelos is the arch-criminal or criminal-lunatic, and at first blush one can but charitably decide that he is suffering from senile decay. It seems that the ex-dictator, General Plastiros, has long held that view, and his holding it was indeed the cause of the premature explosion of the plot. M. Venizelos, privy to what was afoot and in the plot if not in the confidence of Plastiros, feared most that Plastiros would act without and before him, and steal from him all the credit of a successful putsch. Some excuse might conceivably be allowed Venizelos if he had based his mad advice to the revolutionaries on a genuine dread of a royalist restoration or on any sincere, if factional, principles. But that he should have plunged his country in bloodshed, his party-cause into inevitable failure, and the Balkans into serious danger, from motives of vainglory, suggest that he is indeed politically a dangerous old man. To continue to describe him as a statesman henceforth cannot be justified. To speak of him as a "statesman of European repute" is *a fortiori* absurd. He has been spoilt by an exaggerated reputation—they were easily accorded during the crises of war—and in old age lives in a cosmos which is all ego. Kamenos' guilt is less rank. He is a soldier, a man of lower intellect, experience, and education. Plastiros, a schemer and ex-dictator, had the sense—which Venizelos lacked—to wait to launch his torpedo until the machinery was set for action, and thereby was kept out of the scene of war. But Venizelos, if he has no good defence to his accusers, deserves all he may get, and I hope he will get it in the neck. He may justly despise and even loathe what he has experienced of monarchy in Greece, but he has now to bear in mind that his own example and actions in regard to his unhappy country are infinitely more deplorable and futile than any he has condemned in his country's history. What a world of bitterness and trouble might be saved by instituting an employment bureau for shelved leaders in the Great War!

U.S.A.—THE COST OF CRIME.—They deal in big figures in America; else I should crave to question the annual figure which the detection and prevention of crime in the States is said by Mr. Dwight Green, to cost. He is U.S. Federal Prosecutor, and the figure he gave is fabulous. This sum exceeds what is required to run all the functions of Government. It is pretty startling, put like that. Mr. Green gave some of the reasons why crime flourishes in the States and its prevention is so costly; but not all. You have the criminal law of scores of individual (very individual) States and you have the Federal criminal code. Unless the Federal jurisdiction is enormously extended, or the States unite to co-operate with each other in detection and prevention and to assimilate their codes, nothing effective can be done with crime in the States. America to-day lies at the mercy of criminals. A vast proportion of the population is of Central European blood, the big Hebraic element is low class in the main; the criminal masses have a field for their campaigns which for its convenience no other country can offer. The criminal can dodge from State to State, set code against code, trail across his tracks the red herrings of language and blood; and finally use for his ends the notorious corruption and political bias which infect every institution, State or Federal, which is concerned with crime prevention.

THE OLD STAGER

INTO THE PIT OF DEATH: A mining engineer giving instructions to Mr. R. Ellis, leader of the party of men who on March 7 made the first descent to the bottom of the shaft of the Gresford Mine, Wrexham, since the disaster on September 22 of last year when over 250 men lost their lives. Samples of the atmosphere were taken for analysis, and on examination indicated that conditions underground were improving

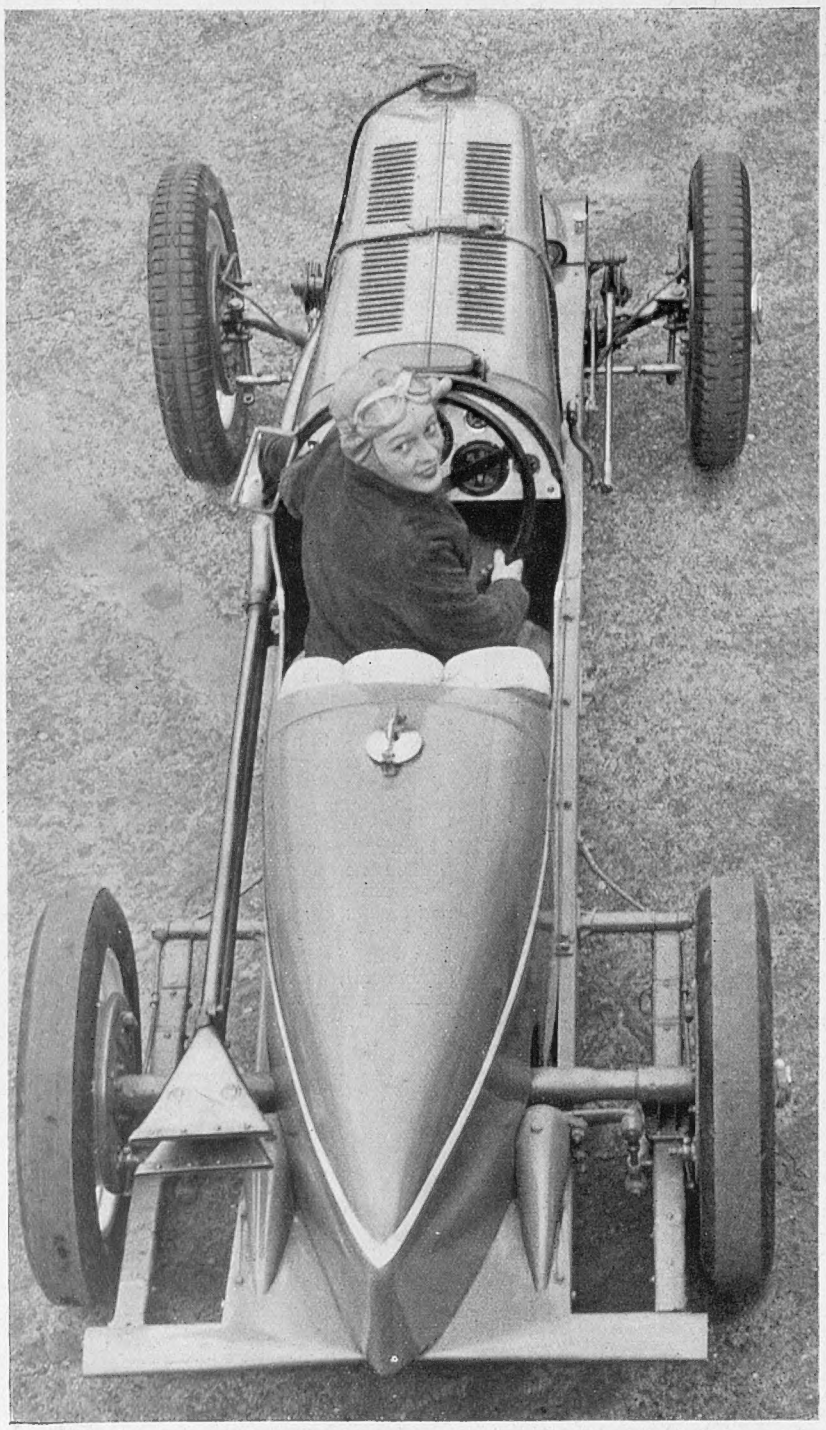




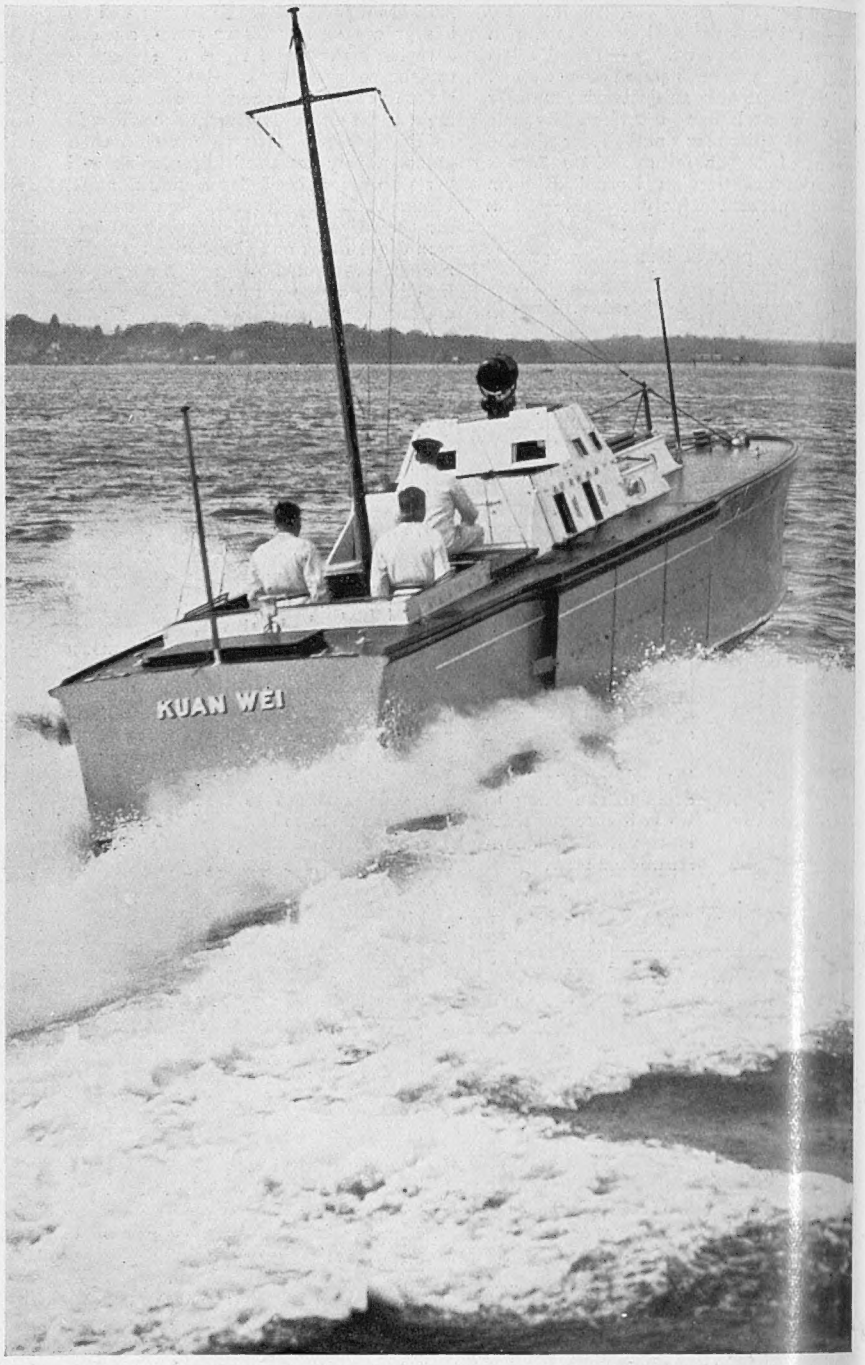
MOTHER AND CHILD: Two delightful studies of Boo-Boo and her month-old baby, Jubilee, the first chimpanzee ever born at the London Zoo. The pictures were taken at their first "At Home" when photographers, representing papers in all parts of the world, visited them and found Boo-Boo, quite restored to health, with her offspring happily reclining in her arms

THE WENSLEYDALE CASE.—What does this mean? As I understand it, there is no limitation on the part of the Crown as to the number of hereditary U.K. peerages which may be created. Scottish and Irish peerages are in different ways limited or controlled, and the former are gradually dying out. But with regard to life-peerages, save for a limited creation in the case of law-lords, the position is different. In 1856 the attempt to strengthen the judicial element in the Upper House by the creation of Baron Parke to be a life-peer, under the style of Lord Wensleydale (he having refused to assume the burden of an hereditary peerage), was defeated in the Lords.

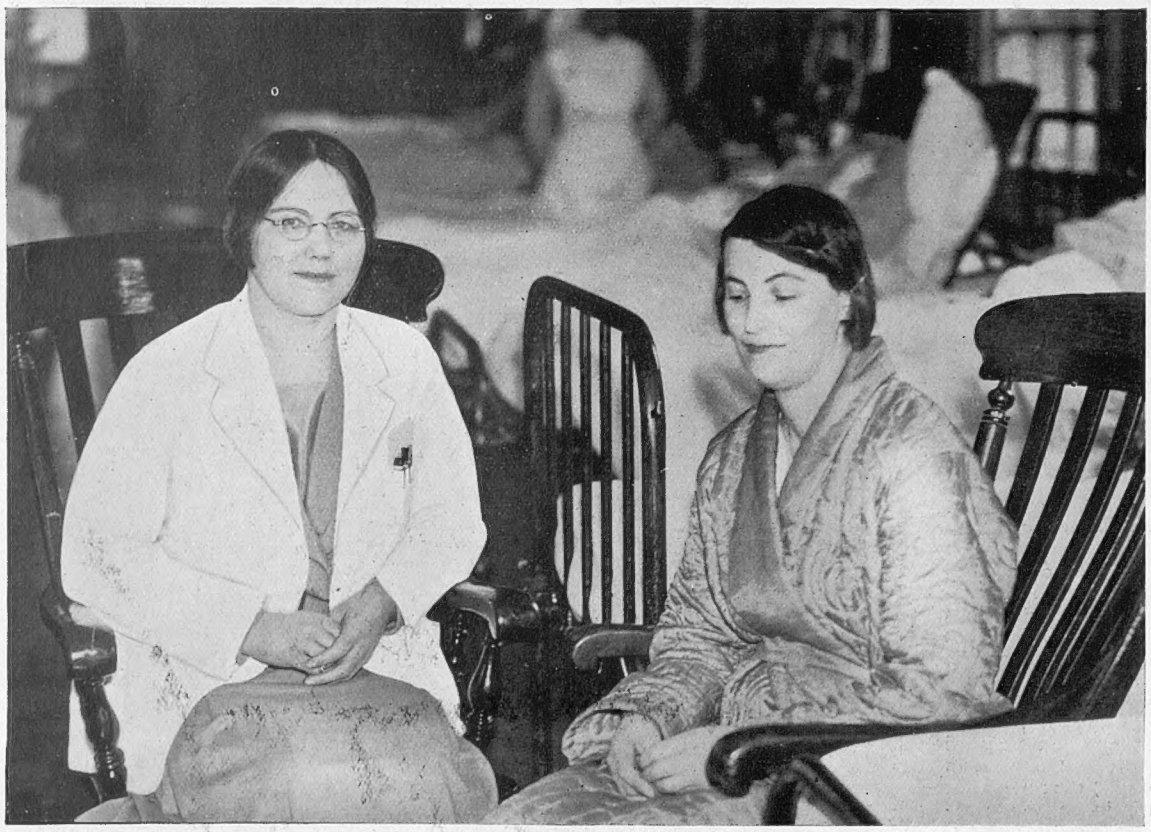
PASSING PAGEANT:



MADE TO MEASURE: This streamlined M.G. which has been built specially for Miss Doreen Wallace and will make its first appearance at this Saturday's meeting at Brooklands, must surely be one of the narrowest cars in the world. The body is said to be less than 2 ft. wide



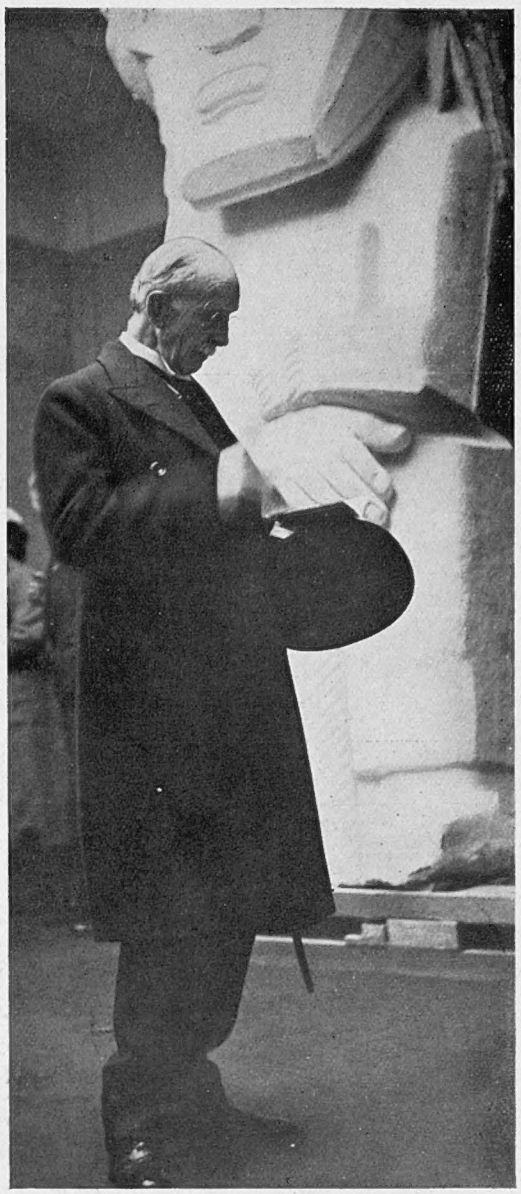
TO POLICE THE CHINA SEA: The speed-boat designed by Mr. Scott-Paine, which is to be used by the Chinese Government to combat the activities of smugglers, seen on its trials at Southampton. It is armour-plated, carries quick-firing guns, and is wireless equipped

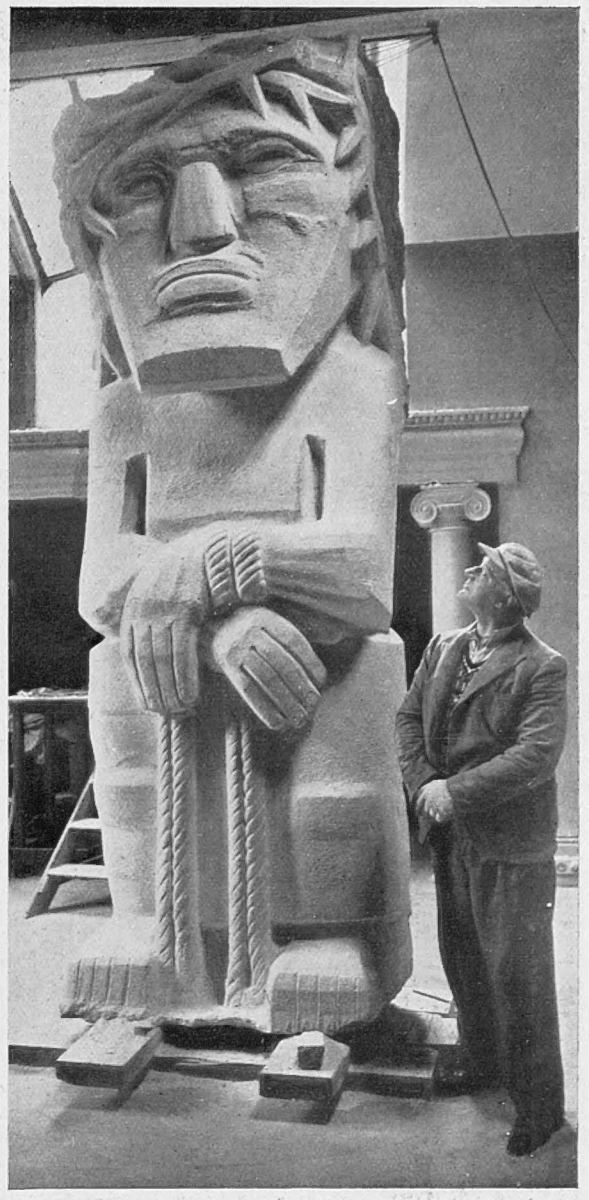


A MODERN MEDICAL MIRACLE: Dr. Mary B. Walker (left) of St. Alfege's Hospital, Greenwich, who has discovered a new drug called "Prostigmin" which she has used with remarkable success on a woman who has been bedridden for nearly seven years with myasthenia gravis—a disease that causes almost complete paralysis. After receiving injections the patient, who is seen on the right, was able to use her limbs—a feat which has astounded the medical profession

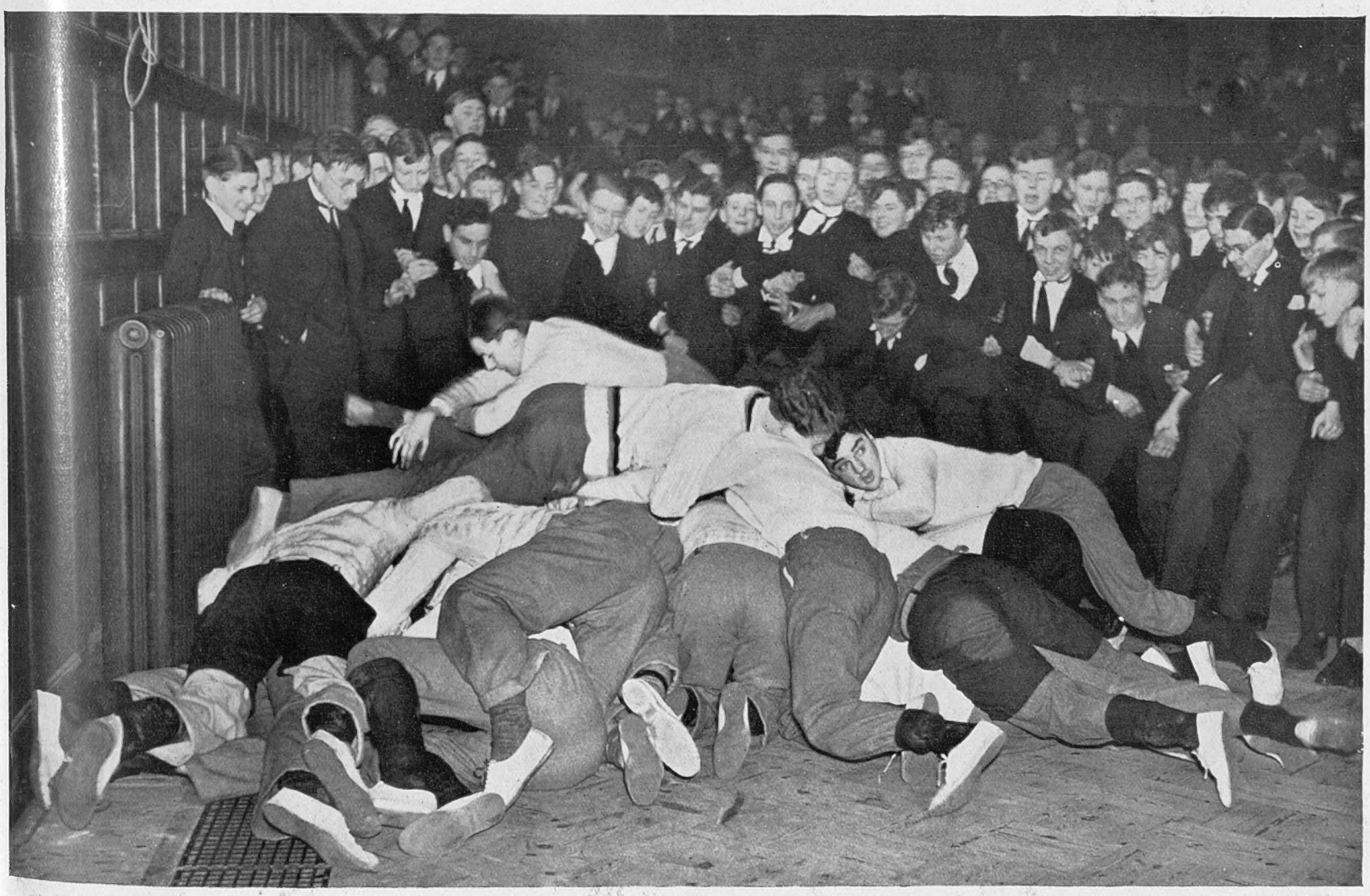
ROYAL ROMANCE: Don Jaime, second son of ex-King Alfonso out for a walk with his bride in London where they are spending part of their honeymoon. Like his elder brother, he has married a commoner and renounced his rights to the Spanish throne

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF HAPPENINGS AT HOME





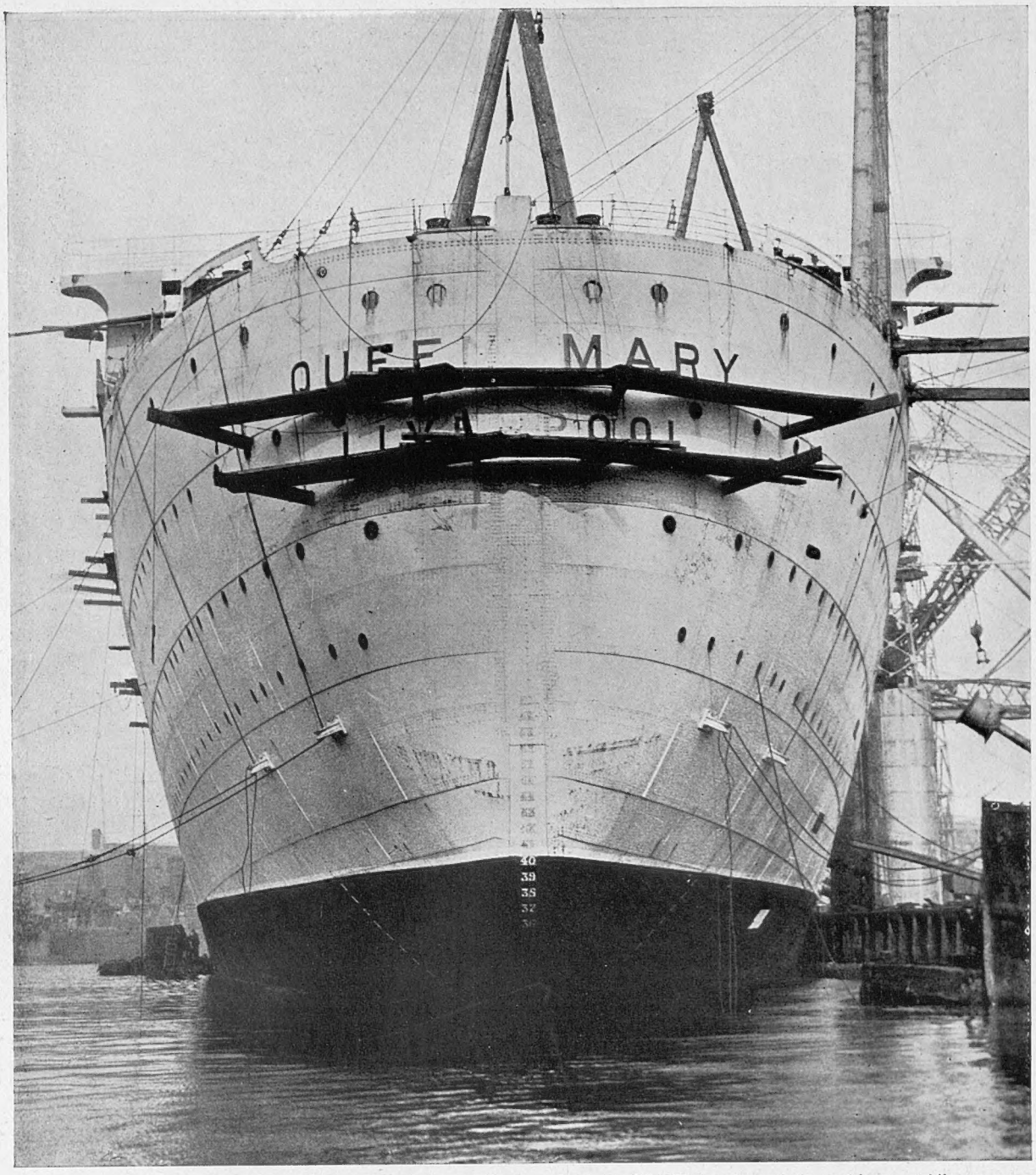
A SUBJECT OF HEATED CONTROVERSY: Lady Oxford with a friend (*left*) and Lord Salisbury (*centre*) at the private view at the Leicester Galleries of the latest works of Mr. Jacob Epstein, one of which has aroused a storm of comment. On the right the sculptor is seen standing beside the giant statue of Christ which he calls "Behold the Man." It is in Subiaco marble, is 11 ft. high, weighs six tons, and has taken eight months to complete. Some have acclaimed it as a work of genius, others have condemned it as a practical joke in the very worst taste which, in the public interest, should not be allowed to be exhibited. In style this extraordinary figure differs entirely from the other sculptures on view, which are for the most part conventional

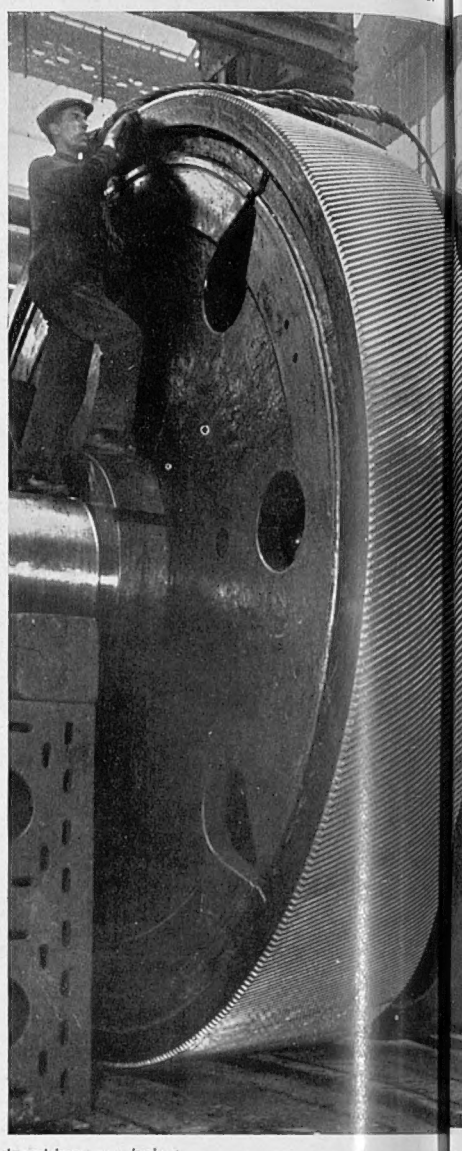


SCRUM: The scene in the great hall at Westminster School during the annual Shrove Tuesday ceremony of "Tossing the Pancake" in which 24 boys, representing the various forms, took part. The pancake was tossed "over the bar" by the chef, after which the competitors, dressed in their oldest clothes, fell upon it and struggled in a heap on the floor in their efforts to obtain the largest piece. At a given signal the boys disentangled themselves, and the victor was presented with a new golden sovereign

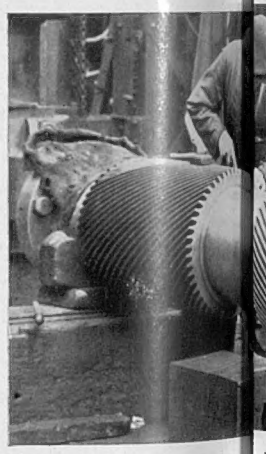
THE PRO
OF "QUEEN

The Cunard White Star
fitted out on the River





A STERN VIEW: A picture of the *Queen Mary* in the fitting-out basin on the Clyde, where her machinery, public rooms, and cabins are being installed and the vast steel shell is being transformed into the most luxuriously equipped liner in the world. She will probably make her maiden voyage in the spring of next year when she will inaugurate with the French liner, *Normandie*, a weekly "shuttle" service between Southampton and New York. *Right centre*—The main gear wheel of the vessel seen in one of the engineering shops of Messrs. John Brown and Co. at Clydebank. It weighs 78 tons and is probably the largest of its kind

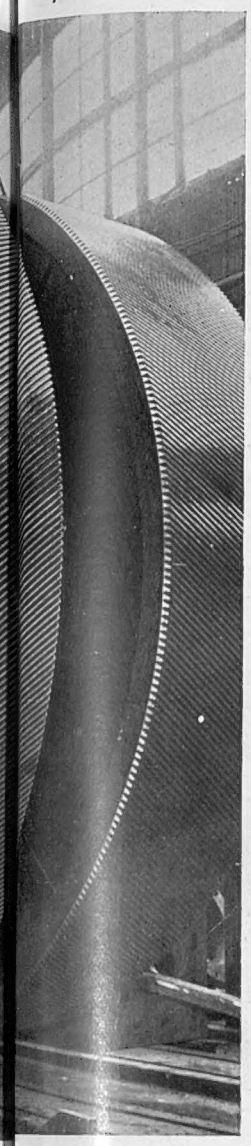


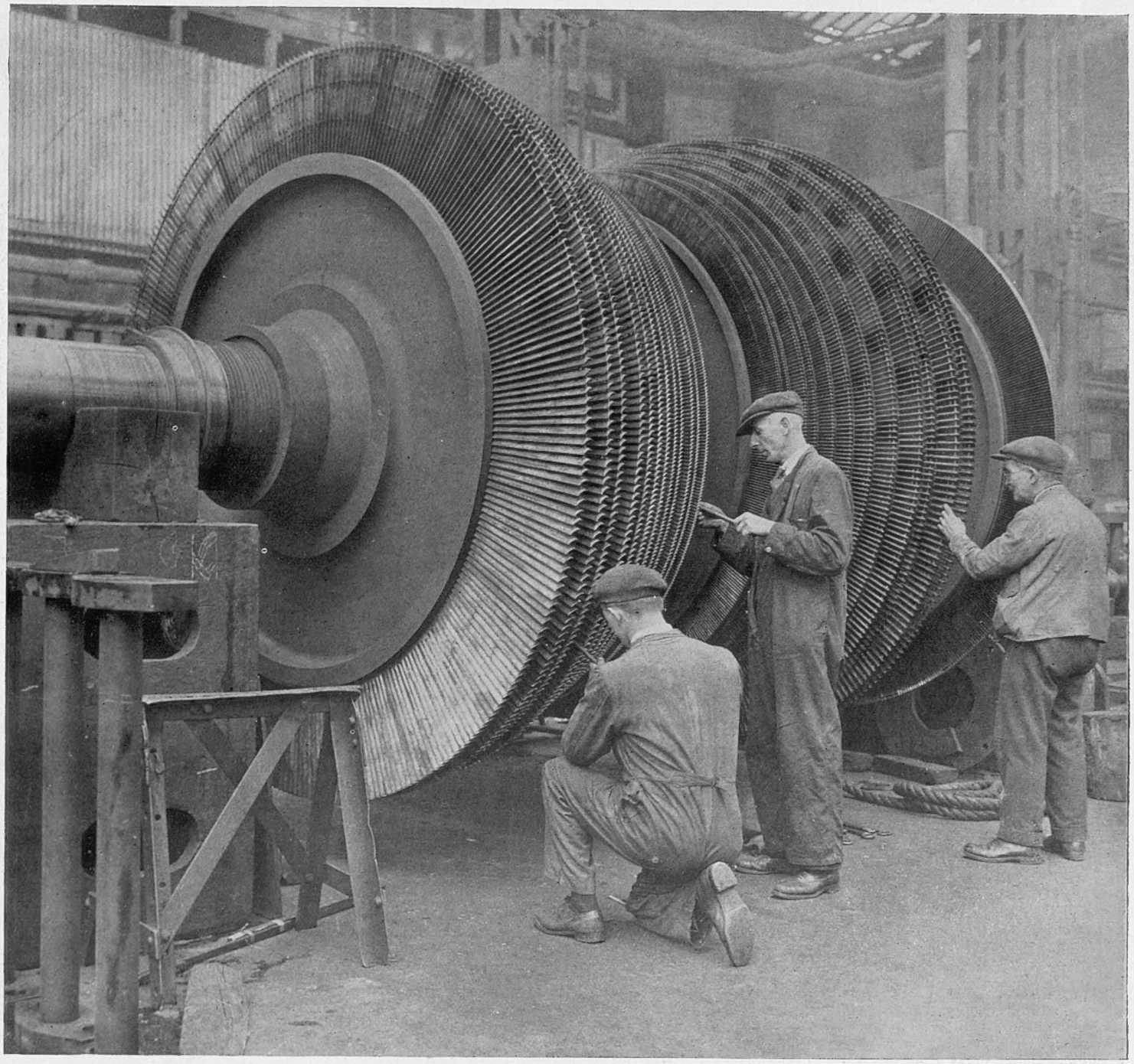
THE TEETH OF A POWER
thousand tons

HUMAN ANTS: Men going aboard the *Queen Mary* after the lunch hour—an everyday scene in the fitting-out basin at Messrs. John Brown's yard. Before the construction of the liner was started many of these men had been out of work for at least two years, but now they are assured of many more months of employment and, if a sister ship is put in hand, their prospects will be even more cheerful

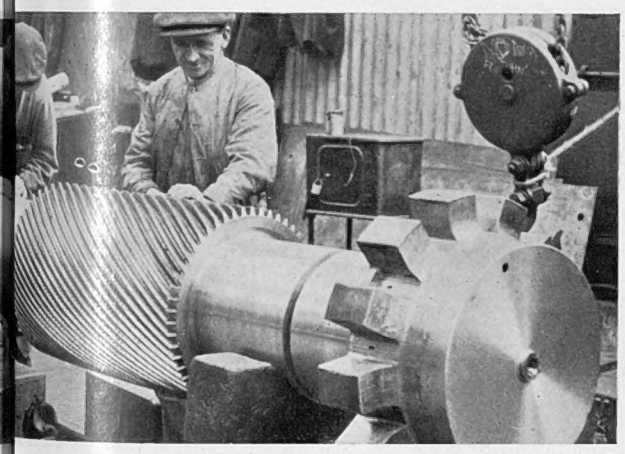
GRESS MARY"

Giant being Clyde

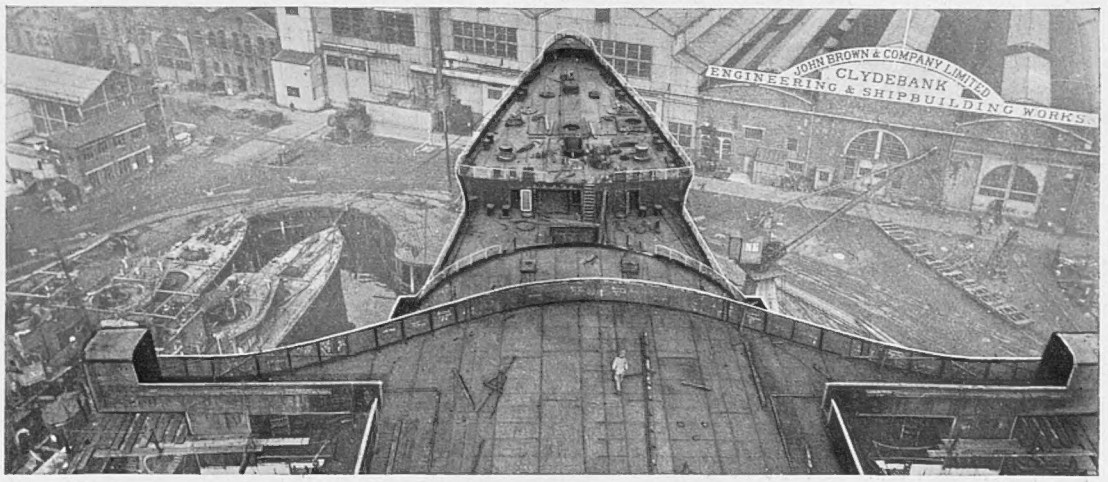




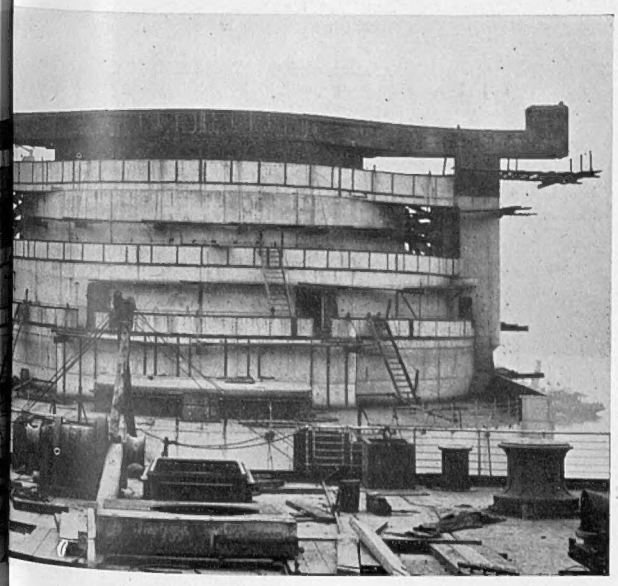
MAKERS OF MIGHTY MACHINES: Adjusting the blades of one of the modern geared turbines which will drive the *Queen Mary* and will give her a reserve of speed almost certainly superior to that of the turbo-electrically-driven *Normandie* now nearing completion at St. Nazaire, France. Tank model tests are said to have shown that the British ship will be capable of steaming at 34 knots in a moderate sea—a performance, if achieved, that would ensure her capturing the speed record of the North Atlantic



UNIT: At work on a gear pinion prior to its installation. Over a of machinery have already been placed in position

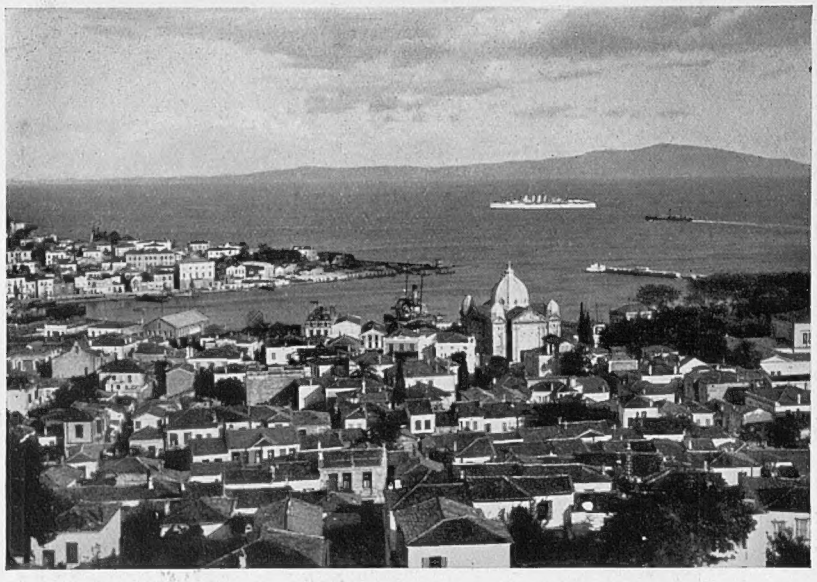


PICTURED FROM A PERILOUS PERCH: A view taken by an enterprising photographer from the top of one of the cranes used for installing the machinery. Note how the vessel dominates the surrounding workshops, and how the navigating officer's look-out posts overhang the sides



On left—THE BRIDGE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION: A view which gives an excellent idea of the immense height of the *Queen Mary's* superstructure

On right—THE BOAT DECK upon which the patent gravity davits are being fitted



THE TOWN AND HARBOUR OF MITYLENE, one of the three islands in the Ægean seized by the Greek rebels during the first days of the revolt. The inhabitants did not support the cause of the invaders

DRAMA OF THE GREEK REVOLUTION

A Veteran Republican Precipitates a Civil War in an Attempt to Overthrow His Royalist Rival

GREECE has been again in the throes of revolution and civil war. This is no unusual experience for the Greeks. But this time the element of drama has been heightened by the fact that the standard of revolt was raised by the veteran, M. Venizelos, in his native Island of Crete where, as a young patriot before the War, he led the movement which threw off the Turkish yoke.

The origins of the Greek upheaval are to be found in the political events of the last five years. The civil war which has been raging is the dénouement of the long-drawn-out drama of the rivalry between the Republican M. Venizelos and the Royalist M. Tsaldaris. M. Venizelos had been Prime Minister for the four years between 1928 and 1932. During this time he accomplished the great work of reconciliation between Greece and her hereditary enemy Turkey. But in the realm of internal, and especially financial administration, his regime became unpopular, and as a result of the election of September, 1932, M. Tsaldaris became Premier. The Tsaldaris administration held office, with the tolerance of the Venizelists, for a few months. Then M. Venizelos withdrew his support and again took office. He remained only for a few months. M. Tsaldaris returned in 1933, and has been in office ever since.

M. Venizelos, it seems, found it difficult to accept the verdict of the polls. His friend, General Plastiras, attempted a military coup, with a view of setting up a dictatorship, to reverse the outcome of the elections. He, however, remained in office for exactly twelve hours. Party rancours between the Tsaldaris administration and the defeated Venizelists remained extremely bitter, and the latter succeeded, during recent months, in gaining the sympathy of a considerable number of officers in the army and navy. This was done mainly by appealing to the Republican sentiments of these officers on the grounds that the Tsaldaris Government was actually, if not openly, Royalist, and hoped one day to restore the Monarchy.

The driving force behind the appeals to Republican sentiment and the magic of M. Venizelos' name, however, was provided, as is generally the case in Greece, by the political ambitions of the generals. Certain high naval and military officers felt the allure of power, and this brought them into the revolutionary movement, and resulted in a substantial section of the navy and part of the army espousing the rebel cause. If everything had gone according to plan, the Tsaldaris Government would already have been overthrown and the rebels installed in power. That this has not been the case is due mainly to the mutual suspicions existing between the two principal personalities on the revolutionary side, M. Venizelos and General Plastiras. Plans were changed at the last moment, and the revolt, although formidable, went off at half-cock.

Macedonia, the districts round Kavalla and Seres, and the Struma Valley—that same Struma Valley up which the British fought their way during the Great War—these were the setting for the final contest between the Government troops under General Kondylis and the rebel forces under General Cammenos.

This explains the atmosphere of tension on the part of Greece's neighbours, Bulgaria, Turkey and Yugoslavia. For Macedonia has been the bone of contention between the Balkan States ever since they wrested it from Turkey and incorporated different parts of it within their own territories. Bulgaria, fearing Greek incursions, reinforced her troops on the Macedonian frontier. Turkey, fearing an arrangement between the Greek rebels and the Bulgarians, and a Bulgarian bid for Macedonia, mobilised a large number of troops in the frontier zones demilitarised by treaty. Bulgaria complained at Geneva anent the troop movements of Turkey. Finally, Yugoslavia, fearing the inspiration of a foreign Power behind the Greek rebellion, issued warnings that—in virtue of the Balkan Pact between Turkey, Rumania, Greece and herself, by the terms of which if one of these Powers should be threatened from the outside the others would have to come to her assistance—she would not tolerate the interference of any outside Power in the affairs of Greece.

There were, indeed, rumours that Italy, which country was opposed to the Balkan Pact, had had a hand in the Greek revolt with a view to destroying the Pact. The Rome Government subsequently denied this. The Yugoslav attitude was inspired by what is now the main element in that country's foreign policy, the preservation of the Balkan Pact and the maintenance of peace on the principle of "Balkans for the Balkan Peoples."

The danger of the Greek revolt causing a general conflagration in the Balkans, however, passed when on Tuesday of this week M. Venizelos fled for his life, and the rebel leader in Macedonia escaped to Bulgaria.

I little dreamed when I met M. Venizelos in London a few years ago that this respectable and dignified old man, every inch the elder statesman, the architect of a nation, the patriarchal father of a people, would one day raise the standard of revolt in his native land. But it has come to pass and, in the case of M. Venizelos, ending as he began, as a Cretan rebel, history has come full circle.

C. F. N.

A TREASURED BOOK OF THE BATAKIANS: A volume in native script preserved on the island of Samosir but which gives no clue to the original religious significance of the monuments illustrated on pages 385 and 386

SCULPTURED SUMATRAN SARCOPHAGI

The Curious Stone Monuments of Samosir, and the Strange Burial Practices of a Primitive People

THE curiously sculptured sarcophagi shown in the photographs on pages 385 and 386, and which are now used as sacrificial altars, are of a kind peculiar to the Batak country in the island of Sumatra, and were found in the central Batak district, on Samosir, an island—formerly a peninsula—in the Lake of Toba. Samosir is roughly 3,000 ft. high. Its people are a branch of the primitive Bataks, and live from agriculture, cattle-breeding and fishing.

So much, and a great deal more in the same strain, is available from books on Sumatra; but the object and history of the curious stone monuments were not so easy to ascertain. An expert on the Batak tribes is Professor van Eerde, of the Colonial Institute at Amsterdam; and it is from Professor van Eerde, who graciously gave me much of his time, and some of his knowledge, that most of the information which follows is derived.

According to Professor van Eerde there is no secret about the stone monuments. They are sarcophagi—not common, and yet not rare. You find them in the southern Batak country as much as in the central or Toba district; but outside of the Batak lands they have not been found in the islands of the Dutch Indies. The stone sarcophagus contains the bones of a tribal chieftain; his skull is placed in a separate urn, laid at some distance from the main tomb, and specially venerated in accordance with the peculiar form of ancestor worship found among these people.

Burial practices among the Bataks are interesting. In modern times the Christianization of the tribes by Protestant missionaries has brought about considerable changes in the burial customs; but where heathen worship still prevails the traditional Batak burial is performed. The custom of cremation, common among the Karo-Bataks and Pakpak-Bataks, is unknown to the Toba-Bataks, who, more than any other branch of the race, adhere to the system of burial in hollowed-out logs; and, in special cases, to the erection of stone mausoleums. Sometimes the skull, separated from the body, is placed in a stone or wooden urn, and sometimes a special house, thatched with bamboo-fibre and perched on high poles, is built for it. A rare characteristic in this district is the tombstone *(hoda-hoda)* done in the form of a monstrous horse (perhaps a variation of the *Ganeça* figure).

An unusual custom takes place on the death of a wealthy member of the tribe who dies without male issue. This is the marionette dance of the *si gate-gate*, a doll made in such a way as to express complete and doleful lack of vitality. The doll is made of wood and is dressed in the deceased man's clothes and jewels. Attached to it are a number of strings with which the figure is made to dance in the public market, then, being carried to the village gate and, after appropriate ceremony, flung away.

The uncommon sarcophagi of the chieftains are a rare example of Batak work in stone. Wood carvings and metal work are common among the tribes, but very few stone monuments are in existence. Their most curious feature is the monstrous head sculptured at one end, the significance of which appears to be lost. Professor van Eerde believes it to be merely a sort of local gargoyle which differs under the hand of different sculptors, and the object of which is to frighten away evil spirits from the tomb.

Oddly enough, a similar head adorns all the older houses of the Toba villages, as also some of the Karo-Batak villages. They are sometimes called *singa* heads, and their prototype is obviously that of the sarcophagi. They bear no resemblance to any known or explainable figure or symbol. The heads are usually horned, with enormous eyes, with a single protruding lip or tongue. Certain examples at the Colonial Institute in Amsterdam appear to be bearded.

According to Professor van Eerde, the tribes themselves are ignorant of what these monstrous heads are supposed to represent, and the books of Batak witchcraft (bound in wood with a similar head decoration) give no clue. It is claimed by some that the head of an elephant, buffalo, or horse was the original model; but why, then, the occasional scales of a fish, and claw of a bird? Professor van Eerde puts it as a primitive example of the sphinx idea of the Greeks, the garoeda of the Indians, and our own basilisk.

The ordinary Toba tribesmen are buried in the general burial-tumulus attached to each village, and are left there; but those who die rich remain there for a period of nine years, after which they are disinterred, and subjected to a great "bone-feast," at the end of which they are placed in a special house erected for the purpose, and again adorned with the hideous and mysterious head, which seems to be such an essential feature of the Batak worship.

It is conceivable that the origin is to be found in early Hindu mythology. At all events, it is clear that the Batak peoples at some very early period—perhaps the fourth century—were subject to considerable Hindu influence. Their language has many affinities with Sanskrit, and the customs frequently recall the older customs of the Hindus.

R. E.

AN ISLAND GUARDIAN: One of the great images carved out of the rocks on the island of Samosir, Sumatra, and which is still regarded by the people as a protector against evil spirits. On account of the inaccessibility of this region, research regarding these monuments has, up to now, been meagre, but there is no doubt that they are of considerable antiquity

MYSTERIOUS SAMOSIR

Remarkable Monuments on an Island in the Toba Lake, Sumatra

On left — A WEATHER-BEATEN SURVIVAL: Another object of native worship adorning a sacrificial stone in a Samosian village

b

IN A SUMATRAN VILLAGE: On this stone slab adorned with carved effigies of a remote period, the natives of the island of Samosir place offerings of dried fish and eggs to propitiate the gods who protect them from evil spirits. The people to-day give little indication that they are descended from what must once have been one of the dominating races of Sumatra. By instinct they are cannibals, and, although of recent years such dietetic practices have been sternly repressed by the Dutch colonial authorities, it is possible that some of them still eat human flesh at their secret feasts. Note the steep gabled roofs of the huts in the background of this picture. *(See preceding page)*

Sacrificial Altars of One of the Last Cannibal Races of the World

On left—WORN BY THE HAND OF TIME: Two more elaborate sacrificial altars on the island of Samosir, with sphinx-like images partly effaced by the elements during the centuries

SASSETTA—

A Painter of the Legend of

ST. FRANCIS

Two of the Beautiful Panels Recently Acquired by the National Gallery, and Other Works by the Great Sienese Artist

"MADONNA AND CHILD": A fine example of the art of Sassetta (Stefano di Giovanni), one of the minor masters of the later Sienese School, whose works are very rare and in England have not always received the recognition they deserve

MASTERPIECES BOUGHT FOR THE NATION: "St. Francis Renouncing His Heritage" (*left*) and "St. Francis Pacifying the Wolf which Ravaged the Town of Gubbio" (*right*), two of the seven panels by Sassetta which illustrate the Franciscan legend and which have been purchased by the National Gallery, with the aid of the National Art Collections Fund and other donors, from the Charles Mackay Collection in New York. These panels, together with an eighth now at Chantilly, originally formed the back of an altar-piece in the church at Borgo San Sepolcro, and were painted between the years 1437 and 1444. In the words of a contemporary critic they reach the highest level of artistic expression, and reveal Sassetta as an incomparable story-teller, colourist, and spiritual interpreter who has left us the most adequate rendering of the Franciscan soul that we possess in the entire range of painting

"THE BIRTH OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN": A polyptych in the Cathedral of Asciano which an authority describes as being in every way less mature than the San Sepolcro panels, and is probably one of Sassetta's earliest works. It resembles in many ways a painting by Pietro Lorenzetti from whom the artist is known to have gained considerable inspiration

"TWO ANGELS": One of the few extant Sassetta paintings which is now in a Collection in Florence

"ADORATION OF THE MAGI": The three wise men gaze upon the new-born Christ. A Sassetta painting which was formerly in the Saraceni Collection in Siena—the city where the artist was born in 1392

THE SEINE IN TURBULENT MOOD: Paris was in danger of being flooded a few days ago when the river rose considerably above the normal high-water mark. Note in this picture how the feet of the sculptures adorning the piers of the bridge are partially submerged

PARIS LOOKS AHEAD

A Sixty-seven Acre Site Being Cleared in the Slums for a Gigantic Exhibition in 1937 Depicting "Art and Technical Progress in Modern Life"

If amongst the glories of our nation we are to set the British banking system, British justice, the public schools, 1066 and all that—then amongst the glories of France should certainly be set her exhibitions.

The British idea of an exhibition is to build a giant racer in hopes that waiting queues will beguile time visiting huge buildings set up around it in which are piled in bewildering profusion mass upon mass of exhibits. When the takings of the giant racer begin to fall off the exhibition is closed and we are left with a Crystal Palace or a huge stadium which only on rare occasions can be filled.

The French idea of an exhibition is to get the nation's finest architects together to plan a series of beautiful buildings which will be a permanent legacy of an exhibition wherein beautiful exhibits are set in an artistic manner which creates a lasting impression. When the takings begin to fall off, the exhibition is closed and Paris is left with a Grand Palais, a Colonial Museum, or an entirely new and beautiful district.

"KILLING TWO BIRDS . . .": Demolishing the military bakehouse and other antiquated buildings on the Quai de Tokio to make way for the imposing permanent structures that are to be erected for the Paris Exhibition of 1937 and which will afterwards be used as museums

GOOD RIDDANCE: Another view of demolition work in progress on the old military bakehouse, which has for years detracted from the beauty of the Quai de Tokio and made it little more than a slum area

For the great exhibition of "Art and Technical Progress in Modern Life" to be opened in 1937, sixty-seven acres of slums, railway lines and warehouses are being cleared away in the very heart of Paris. Five great permanent improvements will remain: The filthy buildings of the military bakehouse will be replaced by a group of museums for the collection of modern art; the Iéna bridge across the Seine will be widened to 100 ft.; ugly warehouses will be replaced by a group of stately Government buildings to face the new museums across the river; the eye-sore goods station and coal depot of the State Railway will be replaced by new housing developments and the disorderly maze of uncovered railway tracks on the left bank of the river will be covered by public gardens. A parallel would be found in London if the ugly warehouses which deface both banks of certain reaches of the Thames in the heart of London were replaced by a new and beautiful district.

The exhibition is intended to show that technical progress need not be at the expense of beauty and good taste. This principle will be illustrated by two groups: one is the regional, in which different types of architecture of the many regions of France will be shown not as survivals of the past but to demonstrate that it is possible to keep regional traditions as a basis in modern architecture.

M. Jacques Greber, assistant chief architect of the exhibition, who has already achieved great things in America, is seizing the opportunity to show the world what can be done on the basis of a master plan which provides for the unity of a whole city or district. The exhibition will, for example, have a unified colour scheme not only for daylight effects but for night illuminations; it will have a plan for broadcasting music which will avoid the ear-splitting confusion of uncontrolled sound publicity; when the exhibition is gone and the new district takes its place in Paris life, it will be found that its traffic arteries fit into and ease the congestion of the neighbouring areas.

The exhibition aims to realize ideas whose general application as yet may appear only as future possibilities, to show that the cultivation of beauty in the daily round means a richer life for every class of citizen, that the useful, progressive and modern is not the enemy of beauty, that art and technique should work hand in hand and that, in a word, spiritual values can and should harmonize with material values.

An European Survey

Happenings in Germany, Spain, France, and Lithuania

SLUMP: The streets of Leipzig beflagged in honour of the Annual Spring Fair—an exhibition of German manufactured goods that usually attracts buyers from all parts of the world. This year it has been reported, however, that the attendance has been the smallest on record, and many of the stand-holders have incurred heavy losses

ARMS AND THE MEN: A general view of the scene in the Ministry of Justice at Kaunas, Lithuania, when 126 German National Socialists were being tried by a military tribunal on charges of being unlawfully in possession of arms. The accused are seated on the right, and the packing cases on either side of the dais contain some of the rifles sequestrated by the authorities

A ROYAL COMMONER: Mr. Bernadotte, the second son of the Swedish Crown Prince, who renounced his titles when he married Fräulein Erica Patzeck in March of last year, leaving Berlin with his wife en route for Hollywood where he is to study American film production methods

MADRID EN FÊTE: One of the decorated cars which took part in the annual carnival in the Spanish capital, which was held a few days ago in brilliant sunshine

A DESCENDANT OF THE GREAT LIBERATOR: General Ezio Garibaldi speaking at the luncheon given in honour of M. Laval, the French Foreign Minister, by members of the Italian Legion who fought in the French service in the Argonne during the Great War

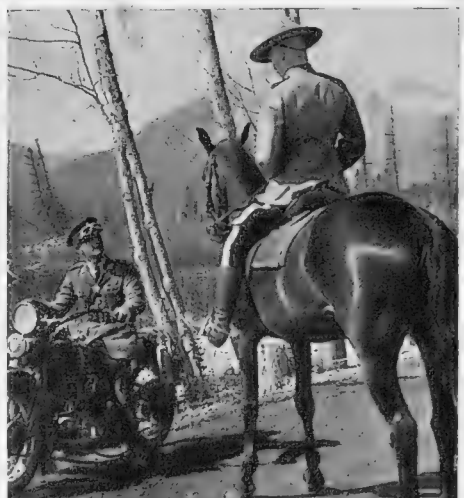
MEN WHO POLIC

A New Series of Pictures Sho

THE EPITOME OF EFFICIENCY: A detachment o the parade ground for an inspection. They hats, and carry

ADAPTING THEMSELVES TO LOCAL CONDITIONS

In the urban districts the Royal Canadian Mounted Police wear extremely smart uniforms, but those who are posted in the far northern territories often adopt the same dress as the Eskimos



THREE MODES OF TRANSPORT IN THE FORCE: *Left*—Starting out on a cross-country journey with a dog team. *Right*—A mounted policeman and a motor-cycle patrol rider exchange greetings on a lonely road in the heart of the Rocky Mountains

NEAR THE NEW KLONDYKE: A motor-boat patrol on Great Bear Lake, a few miles from the settlement in the far North where gold and radium deposits have recently been discovered. In this region development is proceeding extremely rapidly, and hundreds of adventurers are flocking there in search of wealth

ON PATROL IN THE ROCKIES where the police, among their many

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police is regarded as one of the finest forces of its kind in the world, and since its establishment in 1875 it has not only earned the respect of the whole population but has reduced crime in the Dominion to a minimum. Before a man is admitted to membership of the force he has to undergo an extremely severe examination, and not only prove his physical fitness and mental capacity, but his aptitude for the work. He must learn, among other things, to be a skilful rider, he must master the management of a canoe and a motor-boat, and in the Arctic he must know how to guide a dog sledge. Above all he must

E CANADA'S FROZEN NORTH

ving the Mounties at Work

ounties in full dress uniform, riding out to ear scarlet tunics and broad-brimmed cowboy nces with pennons

A policeman building an "igloo" after the fashion of the natives. It can be erected in a very short time, and is said to provide much better protection against the cold than a tent

TAKING A TIP FROM THE ESKIMOS

her duties, are frequently called upon to search for lost travellers

be able to make himself at home in every climate and with many diverse types of people, be they Canadians, Indians, or Eskimos. These qualities are called for particularly in the North-West territories, where the posts are as much as 200 or 300 miles apart, and where the police are the sole representatives of the Government. The way these men carry out their tasks has won them nation-wide admiration, and the esteem in which they are held is probably the reason why they have so seldom to use force.

NATIVE WELFARE: Twice a month the police in some of the more outlying districts receive from the Government a large supply of foodstuffs, which it is their duty to distribute among the more needy members of the Indian population

NATIVE LIFE IN ALGERIA: Typical members of the Arab population which is so deeply dissatisfied with the treatment meted out to it by the French Colonial authorities. *Left*—Gossiping in the market place of a village in the interior. *Right*—Muslim women crossing a street in Algiers, the Paris of North Africa

IN TROUBLED ALGERIA

Riot, Strikes, and Anti-Semitic Demonstrations Lead to an Investigation by the French Government

By JOSSLEYN HENNESSY

THE average Englishman has little idea of the strength and persistence throughout Europe of the belief that British misrule in India is frightful. From Poland to France we are credited with a brutal exploitation of the down-trodden native. Proof, if proof were needed, is found in the unrest, riots, and acts of terrorism which have been reported from time to time these last twenty years. France, the second greatest Colonial Empire in the world, with a native population of some 100,000,000, has on the other hand had a good press. It was, until within the last week or two, popularly believed throughout France and Europe that the French knew how to handle subject races; they had not the British sense of innate superiority towards coloured men, they were kindly but firm, and the Foreign Legion was a sort of Boy Scouts Brigade which built roads, opened hospitals, and brought the benefits of a kindly tutorial civilisation to the grateful natives. Proof, if proof were needed, was found in the complete absence of riots and acts of terrorism under the benevolent Pax Gallica.

Actually, unrest of one kind or another has been smouldering for years in Indo-China (where there is an anti-French nationalist movement, comparable to the state of affairs in British India) and in Northern Africa; but, barring an occasional brawl or so, comfortably ascribed to foreign agitators, the French press heard scarcely a word of it. The greater part of the French Empire news comes through an official agency, and no Paris paper has head-office-trained staff correspondents dotted about it; their correspondents are local French inhabitants, who from local patriotism would not wish to broadcast stories of unrest.

But the situation in Algeria has in the last few months got beyond the control of this informal but ordinarily efficient censorship. Last autumn twenty-six Jews, including women and children, were massacred; 320 Jewish shops were looted and devastated at Constantine. The débris lay a foot deep in the streets. When events reach such a pass it is impossible for them to be totally ignored. Moreover, since then riots, anti-Semitism, strikes, and demonstrations, and even isolated cases of mutiny amongst native troops, have never ceased. At first these incidents were explained as solely due to the usual ubiquitous foreign agitators, and the papers indignantly called for stern measures. But, after a while, reason began to assert itself and people thought of asking what the agitators wanted. Finally, three national dailies sent staff men from Paris who had no fear of local authorities and no local prejudices, to make investigations throughout Algeria. Their reports, now appearing in the press, have shocked, surprised, and alarmed a completely ignorant public, and the Minister of the Interior has left to make a personal investigation for the Government.

To forestall possible accusations of a lack of impartiality, may I say that the following necessarily incomplete outline of the Algerian problem, has been written after reading almost everything that has recently appeared in the French press of every shade of opinion, more particularly the articles of the *Figaro* (Right), M. Daladier, the former Prime Minister (Left), of M. Réache, the able correspondent of the *Matin* (Centre), as well as after long talks with leading public men versed in Algerian affairs, including Senator Viollette, former Governor-General of Algeria. None of these persons could be called anti-French.

On the whole these authorities agree that if the immediate cause of the unrest is the terrible plight of the natives following the world economic crisis, which has not spared Algeria, the fundamental causes are political.

The Arabs and Kabyles, who form the native population, regard the French colonists as unjust masters who exploit the land without regard to native welfare. Thus they demand modification of the forest laws, described by the *Œuvre* as a "medieval vestige," which prevent the natives from grazing cattle in the clearings under pain of a maze of fines. "The Forestry Service, with legitimate interests at heart," says M. Viollette, "has been led to multiply offences, and to punish with pitiless severity the slightest infraction. Near Saïda, I've seen poor devils who had certainly never had 10 francs in their possession, get fines with menaces of imprisonment for summonses of which the total, owing to multiple infractions, sometimes reached 15,000 or 20,000 francs (£300). The Service is therefore regarded by the natives as a terrible enemy, which is most unfortunate." Collective fines are also imposed on villages held responsible for all local forest fires. "Misunderstandings are a great source of unhappiness," says M. Viollette, "because the native can't grasp the reasoning of the Forestry Service, and sees it through an avalanche of blue forms filled with astronomical figures," and the Senator goes on to observe that grazing in certain forest areas would cause no damage. The natives demand the suppression of "the scandalous expropriations" (vide the *Œuvre*) of land without compensation in favour of French colonists, and suppression of deportation for administrative offences to the southern territories.

The Algerian intellectual élite resents the fact that they are subjects, not citizens, a pill all the more bitter in that for over sixty years all Algerian Jews, who are distinguishable from the natives neither in education nor wealth, have had the vote. Algerian leaders, such as the powerful Dr. Ben Djelloul, demand the naturalization of the natives, parliamentary representation in Paris and equality of military service (for the native does two years to the French citizen's one). A native can be naturalized to-day if he recognises French law and renounces Muslim law. Naturalizations are, however, few, not only because the vast majority refuse to forswear the faith of their fathers, but also because, according to Senator Viollette, every administrative dodge is used to frustrate a candidate for naturalization. The French colonists—600,000 amidst over 6,000,000 natives—wish to keep their governing hand. The local advisory council elections, in which figures a limited native electorate, are frequently "cooked" to frustrate the native vote.

These and other causes of misunderstanding have produced an atmosphere tense with friction. The colonists, seeing the infinite blessings of peace, wealth, and civilization which they have bestowed on a population whom their ancestors found weakened with fratricidal warfare, are conscious only of the evils that would flow from a weakening of their position. The native élite sees only that the country whose proud boast it is that its Government rests on "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," bestows a qualified liberty, treats them as inferiors, and fraternizes scarcely at all. Such a situation is not peculiar to Algeria but is the heritage of all colonial Powers. It is an impasse which can only be solved by the mother country as likely to be a more objective arbitrator between totally different conceptions of the same problem.

The self-restraint of the native leaders is remarkable, for relying on the liberal traditions of republican France, there is as yet no nationalist, separatist movement in Algeria; on the contrary, they wish for *closer* links with Paris to set a curb on the local colonists.

The reaction of the French press to these native claims is twofold. The Right press (which in Paris includes all the national dailies save two) sees in them nothing but sedition, anti-Frenchery and foreign-paid agitation. Their solution for the increasing friction is simply: transfer the Arab troops elsewhere, replace them by Senegalese, get a strong fleet of bombing aeroplanes, and don't stand any nonsense from agitators; in two-twos peace will reign again. The Algerian deputies, elected by the colonist vote, favour this simple plan. The Left press, and such statesmen as Daladier and ex-Governor-General Viollette, are ready to meet the Algerian leaders in full measure.

It is interesting to note that the one point on which everyone is agreed is the folly of the British self-governing Dominion solution. Algerian leaders and the Left agree in urging the grant of French citizenship to all natives who have passed a university matriculation examination, obtained a secondary school diploma or a university degree, who have left the army with commissioned rank, attained a certain grade in the civil service, or who have been nominated by a Chamber of Commerce. Thus a slowly expanding electorate based on educational qualifications would be established to send deputies to Paris, where the national parliament could harmonise apparently discordant interests with far greater objectivity than any Dominion parliament blinded by local partisanships.

As background to the grievances sketched in here, must be added the ferment produced in the Algerian mind by the example of events in India and by the League of Nation's doctrines of the self-determination of peoples. It is true that the mass of the Algerian population is as poverty-stricken and illiterate as the Indian masses and that they know nothing of politics, but the educated minority cannot be dismissed as a negligible influence. So far they have shown themselves patriotic French subjects as well as patriotic Algerians, therefore if France acts quickly in dealing with the economic situation and in removing political grievances, the French Empire should be stronger and more unified than ever before. But, says the *Œuvre*, "If we continue to refuse to receive their delegations (as has happened on a notorious occasion), if to-morrow the hospital hall porter enjoys rights, because he is a Frenchman, refused to the eminent surgeon whose rooms he sweeps, then indeed autonomy may figure on the program."

BY LINER TO MECCA

And a Leave-taking in the Sudan

PILGRIMS' PROGRESS: Egyptian Muslims embarking on a liner at Suez which conveyed them down the Red Sea to the port of Jedda, on the Arabian coast. Thence they continued the journey to Mecca by camel. The religious ceremonies in the sacred city, which are being attended by over 100,000 of the faithful, are due to begin to-day (March 16)

REWARD OF THRIFT: Few women make the journey to Mecca, but these two managed to save up sufficient money to secure third-class accommodation on the liner which took them to the Arabian coast

MUSLIM TYPES: *Left*—A sheik, oblivious of the noise and bustle around him, says his mid-day prayers on the deck in the first-class quarters, while his companion, equally unconcerned, squats beside his baggage and reads. *Right*—The crowd on the third-class deck

THE LAST PARADE: Major-General Stephen Butler, C.M.G., retiring Chief of the Sudan Defence Force, inspecting the guard of honour drawn up at Khartum Station on the day of his departure. He was appointed to this post in 1930, and before that was Inspector-General of the Royal West African Frontier Force

MAJESTIC MIGHT: The 31,000-ton *Queen Elizabeth*, Flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet, seen with other vessels in the Grand Harbour at Malta before leaving to take part in combined exercises. This battleship is now over twenty years old and, together with other members of her class, is likely to be replaced in the near future as a result of the Government's decision to enlarge the building programme. This year alone the Naval Estimates allow for an increased expenditure of £3,500,000. *On left*—A view of Gibraltar from the deck of H.M.S. *Rodney* showing the famous rock partly obscured by a blanket of fog—a phenomenon that occurs for no apparent reason when the wind blows from the east

Can we Economise on Naval Construction?

As the Naval Estimates come round for consideration each year the same question comes up for discussion among the technicians; can nothing be done to relieve the appalling burden of cost without losing efficiency, pending a general inclination towards disarmament, or at least a further reduction? It is more pressing than ever this year on account of the British Navy having to make up the leeway caused by disarmament gestures which were not answered abroad.

The present cost of all types of naval vessel is colossal and it seems clear that it would be to everybody's advantage to reduce it. The British Navy is not, of course, the only one to be affected by this but it has to be realised that a 10,000-ton "Washington" cruiser costs as much as thirty first-class tramps of 8,000 tons deadweight, and that in spite of her vulnerability and limited use she costs more than the original *Dreadnought* of 1906, with her excellent protection and heavy broadside.

There are similar increases in the bills which have to be paid for all types, even the sloops which would seem to be so simple and straightforward that they ought to be constructed for a very low price. At the other end of the scale the bills for the aircraft carriers are simply colossal, and are likely to bring about the extinction of the type before very long. It is to come up for discussion at the next international disarmament conference, and in spite of its uses for certain strategical plans there is not a navy in the world which would not be grateful to be relieved of it, if only international agreement could be obtained.

At the American Senatorial Munitions Enquiry, bound up with the slogan to "take the profit out of war," an attempt has been made to prove that these high costs are entirely due to the

(Continued on p. 410)

WITH THE FLEET *in the* MEDITERRANEAN

THE SEADROME: A remarkable overhead view of the 22,000-ton aircraft carrier, *Furious*, taken from one of her 'planes while exercising with the Mediterranean Fleet during the spring cruise. Some years ago this vessel, which was built under the Emergency War Programme, underwent an extensive refit and alteration, her funnel and mast being removed and a new hangar being built forward. Smoke is now discharged through vents in the flight deck

Admiral Sir William Fisher, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, inspecting the ship's company on the spacious flight deck of the aircraft carrier *Furious*

A FLOATING PARADE GROUND

"IN TOWN TO-NIGHT"

Men and Women from Every Walk of Life who come before the Microphone and Contribute to the Most Interesting Feature in British Broadcasting

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE most interesting feature in British broadcasting has just completed its first anniversary, or rather its first fifty-two weeks of programme. I refer, of course, to "In Town To-night." Just as the statisticians of the Irish Sweep have proved once and for all that the law of averages runs uncannily according to formula; so, more or less, the random selection of people from all classes for "In Town To-night" has resulted in certain discoveries. One is that almost everybody in the lower walks of life is a natural actor. They show practically no nerves in front of the microphone. It has also emerged that women on the whole are more confident than men. It has further been established that strangers feel a sufficient awe of the microphone not to try to be clever in putting over an unexpected piece of advertising or publicity. The greatest nuisances, I fancy, are American film stars. Used as they are to sponsored programmes in the United States, they cannot understand why they should not be allowed to boost themselves and their films to the greatest possible extent.

The "In Town To-night" Department is run by Mr. Bill Hanson. He used to be in the gramophone business. He employs three scouts—Miss Mary Sharpe, Captain Meehan, and Mr. J. C. Cannell. It is their business to find likely subjects. A letter is then sent, and they spend an hour or two in conversation, as a result of which a script is prepared either in the form of a monologue or an interview. An hour before the selected victims go on the air they are rehearsed for fifteen minutes. At first the rehearsals took place in the morning, but it was found that it so filled them with anxiety that they went off dithering and came back in a hopeless state of nerves by the evening.

Just before they go on the air they are usually invited to have a cup of coffee in the canteen. Some of them, however, prefer to go across the way to the Bolivar and have one or two strong drinks to calm their nerves.

In addition to the scouts, Mr. Hanson himself reads the newspapers like any news editor in search of ideas. Members of the B.B.C. staff also make suggestions, and finally large numbers of people write in each week. The other day, for example, Mr. Hanson got a telephone call from an artist who said quite simply that he was starving, but that he had prepared a script and might he go on the air? The script was excellent: Mr. Hanson agreed; and the result was a deluge of offers of work. This almost invariably happens. Out of the eight people who speak during the half-hour, one or two are always offered a job.

Looking through his file Mr. Hanson recalled that the two most panic-stricken speakers since the programme began have been Miss Betty Baxter, who runs the all-night coffee stall on the Embankment for the down-and-outs, and Cyclone Danny Carter who rides the motor bicycle in that Wall of Death side-show which you may have seen at the circus. Cyclone Danny was in such a state that he could not sit down. He vibrated more than he ever does on his motor bicycle; but with the soothing arm of Mr. Hanson over his shoulder he somehow managed to quiver out his words. Far and away the most confident ever seen or heard at the B.B.C. was Fred Perry, the lawn tennis star. He came straight off the boat to the microphone. He was told that he had the usual three minutes, but that did not deter him. He was still in full spate long after he had been switched off.

A natural broadcaster was Jack O'Brien, a sewer man who lives all his life underground. It is surprising that no agent picked on him as a music-hall comedian. Ras Prince Monolulu, the coloured tipster, was also first class, but then he has always been used to broadcasting his tips at all race meetings. Another great success were the Stop Me and Buy One men who came off their bicycles and worked out an excellent dialogue turn. Mrs. Beer, the car minder, turned out to be a natural mimic; while Maggie Stott, the mill girl, turned out to have a first-class singing voice and no nerves whatever.

I am told it is quite amusing to see how these very different types of people get together in the little waiting room before they go on the air, and become the greatest of friends in no time at all. To some of them it is rather like the dentist's waiting room, but confidences ripen in exact contrast to the frigid atmosphere of the latter.

Correspondence is heavy after most of these programmes. You may have heard Baden Powell Brabant Plumer Mafeking Ladysmith Russell describe his experience as the youngest soldier in the War. As his name suggests he could only have been fourteen when the War broke out, when he joined up and was in the force which endeavoured to rescue General Townshend at Kut. At least eight or ten other ex-soldiers have written in disputing the claim.

So far, only half-a-dozen people chosen for the series have been found to be unable to read, but even that is a high number when you consider that education has been compulsory for many years and so far only 350 people have been in these programmes.

There has only been one person who refused to follow the script outlined for him. That was Campbell Black, who flew to Australia with C. W. A. Scott. One of the largest collections of people to appear were the hundred members of the Grandfathers' Club, who gave a sing-song. Incidentally, an old lady wrote from Yorkshire offering to marry any one of them. One of the most poignant was the broadcast of the original Mademoiselle of Armentières, who broke down and cried when sending a message to her parents in France. She, by the way, is one of the many people who have been offered a job—in this case to make a film—as a result of her appearance in front of the microphone.

(*Continued on p. 410*)

A SHOWMAN ON THE AIR: Mr. A. W. Hanson, the brilliant producer of "In Town To-night"

GRANDFATHERS GO GAY: Members of the Grandfathers' Club giving a sing-song in an "In Town To-night" programme. This particular broadcast had an amusing sequel as an old lady wrote in from Yorkshire offering to marry any one of them

A constable graphically describes to listeners his daily routine in the Police Force

"POLICE MESSAGE"

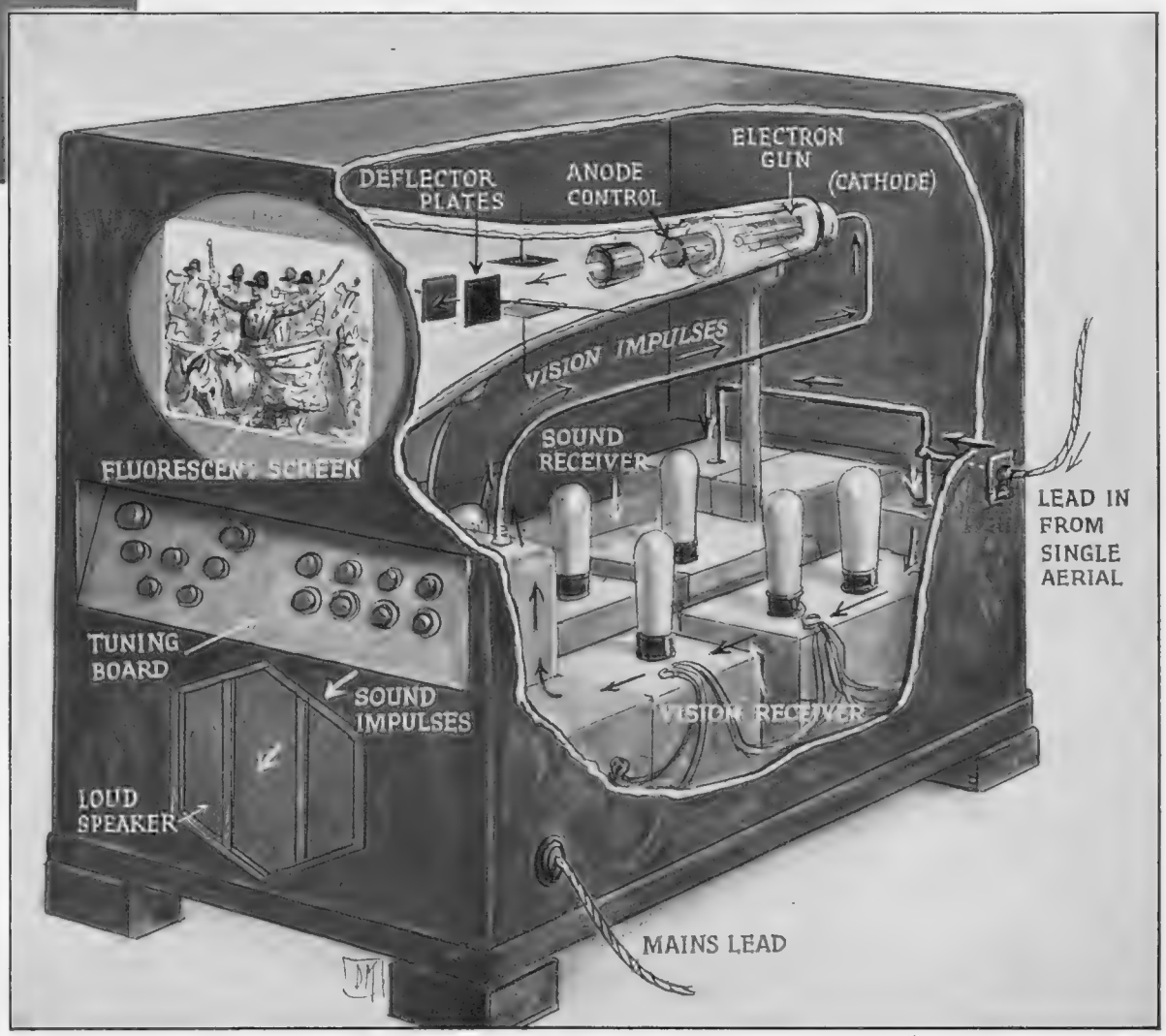
POT-POURRI: Ted Williams, a window-cleaner; Herbert Evans, a postman; H. J. Watts, a manufacturer of Jew's-harps; the Reverend Arthur Barker, "the costers' Bishop"; and Donald White, a Cook's official, being rehearsed in their parts by Mr. Hanson

TELEVISION COMES TO STAY

A Scientific Miracle that is Revolutionizing the Whole Art of Broadcasting

THE LARGEST CATHODE RAY TUBE IN THE WORLD, smaller types of which are used in all the Baird Television receivers

A NEW MEDIUM OF NAZI PROPAGANDA: The transmitting apparatus used by the ultra-short-wave station in Berlin for its first official television broadcast on March 14. German scientists have been experimenting for years, but it required the forceful encouragement of Dr. Goebbels to get them to combine with manufacturers of receiving sets, and so make it possible for the people to see Chancellor Hitler and other political personalities when speaking over the Radio



Drawn for "The Sphere" by D. Macpherson

PRODUCT OF YEARS OF RESEARCH: A diagrammatic sketch showing the arrangement of the Baird Television home receiver which has now reached such a remarkable pitch of efficiency that it can reproduce with photographic clarity scenes taking place twenty or thirty miles away. A description of the apparatus, showing how the vision signals are transformed into a picture, appears in the column on the left

After the sound and vision waves have left the transmitting station they are brought from a single aerial, and thence pass to their respective receivers. The vision signals are conveyed to the narrow end of a cathode ray tube from whence they are fed in a stream of electrons on to an electrode, which modulates them and so produces dark and light shades in the picture being built up. An anode then directs the stream past the deflector plates on to a fluorescent screen at the wide end of the tube, and as the electrons strike the screen they become spots of light which, with incredible rapidity, form images

LONDON'S WHITE ELEPHANTS : New but Unused Thames Bridges

AN UNDISCOVERED WAY OUT OF LONDON: This picture was taken a few days ago by a special "Sphere" photographer at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and typifies prevailing conditions on the new bridge across the Thames at Twickenham. Our representative spent over an hour and a half in the vicinity, and during that time only a few vehicles passed and there were never more than two on the bridge at the same time. Such a state of affairs would seem to indicate that the building of this elaborate structure was hardly a necessity and has placed a burden on taxpayers which has not been compensated for by any great increase in benefit to the motoring public

A BRIDGE OF PEACE: Chiswick Bridge, which presented just as deserted an appearance as Twickenham, when visited by "The Sphere" photographer, who waited there for about twenty minutes on a week-day afternoon but did not see a single car pass. In marked contrast is old Richmond Bridge, shown on the right, which still has to carry more than its fair share of traffic and is in urgent need of widening. Mr. Percy Bradley, our motoring correspondent, suggests that the only way to acquaint road-users with Chiswick and Twickenham bridges would be to close the older routes for a week

THE WEAK SPOT IN THE RIVER BED: Now that the weight of the balustrading and the roadway has been removed it has been possible to remove the timbering which has supported this arch of Waterloo Bridge for the past eleven years. The piles indicate the weak spot in the river-bed discussed by Mr. Mackintosh

The Unsolved Problem of WATERLOO BRIDGE

By F. H. Mackintosh

WATERLOO BRIDGE is coming down.

After months of weary work the engineers are now making ready to demolish the arches, for which purpose elaborate plans have been prepared. When that stage is over—and it will take some considerable time—work will be begun on the removal of the supporting piers. All will then be ready for the building of the new bridge.

That is the schedule. How far will it be fulfilled? And what will be the fate of the new Waterloo Bridge, which, to be built in the third decade of the twentieth century, will yet follow in all essential details the pattern and form of the century-old structure it replaces?

Those are questions which ought to be faced now, for there is no greater or more dangerous fallacy than that the Waterloo Bridge problem was solved when the L.C.C. put an end to ten years of controversy by deciding to erect a new structure. The real problem remained unsolved, for the simple reason that it concerns not matters of æsthetics, finance, or politics, but the fundamental underground structure of London itself.

Much has been written about the Bridge; but even now that the demolition is entering on its second phase, there seems to be no agreed opinion amongst those who have the work in hand as to the cause of the subsidence. Right throughout the controversy this vital aspect seems to have been pushed into the background and more or less ignored, while violent discussion ranged about outward form, which, after all, is of little account if the stability of the whole lies in doubt.

Actually, the beginnings of the Waterloo Bridge problem lie way back in the vast distances of geological time. In the remote era before the Ice Age, or Glacial Period, what is now the North Sea was part of a plain that stretched across Germany to Scandinavia, and was watered by a vast river, the forerunner of the Rhine, which was fed by tributaries from the highlands of England. The Thames flowed through an undulating plain, but its course, substantially the same then and now in its upper reaches, took a straight course across South London from Westminster to Woolwich. It was fed by tributaries flowing from the Hampstead Heights, then 1,000 ft. or more higher than they are now. These became known later as the Walbrook, the Fleet, and the Tybourne. They formed together a complicated system that flowed beneath the site of Waterloo Bridge.

Then came the Ice Age, and Britain lay beneath a sheet of ice thousands of feet thick, which terminated at the north side of the Thames Valley, though Arctic conditions prevailed still farther south. All the ground was frozen hard, the clay becoming rock-like—so much so that, when water flowed from the foot of the glaciers, it cut deep, steep-sided canyons in the clay.

When the great thaw came, the clay, now soft, no longer stood upright; the walls of the streams and rivers collapsed as landslides, burying beneath them the old river sands and gravels. Thus, by repeated landslides, the whole valley became filled, and became shallow. Finally, the glaciers broke up altogether, releasing floods of water, which brought with them masses of gravel, spreading this over the clay.

SAFETY FIRST: This gigantic girder has been placed in position beneath the archway which spans the Embankment in order to provide additional support and protection while the delicate work of demolition is in progress

Actually, these gravel deposits had a big effect, for they altered the whole of the river system. The Thames was forced away from its old, southern course, and captured the valley through which its tributaries once flowed. Thus, beneath the bed of the present Thames are the beds of the ancient rivers.

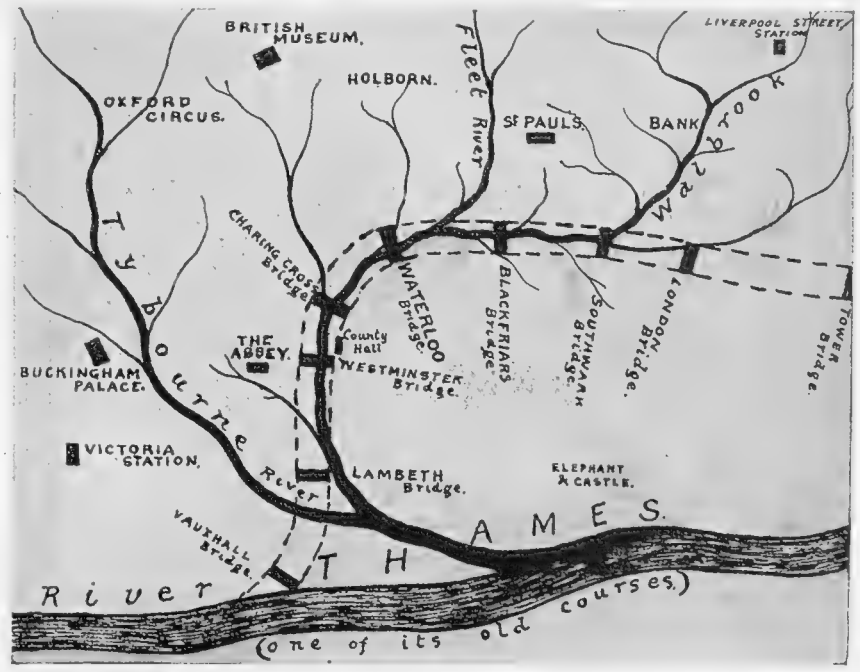
One of these beds lies beneath the subsided fourth pier of Waterloo Bridge. It is the cause of the whole trouble. The existence of this river bed was established during the foundation work on Unilever House; further evidence was obtained when the Bakerloo Tube was taken under the river at Charing Cross. It lies roughly 100 ft. below the water level.

Here, then, is the problem; one that will become acute during the demolition of the piers and the construction of the new bridge. To reach the *virgin clay*—the one sure foundation in London—it would be necessary to set the bridge foundations below this river-bed; an almost impossible task. But unless this is done the new bridge will go the way of the old.

Nor is this all. The piers will be removed from inside a coffer-dam, which consists of interlocked piles or sheets of steel, driven down into the bed, and intended to exclude the water so that men may work in safety. With this danger lurking beneath, it is to be hoped that the greatest caution will be exercised.

Geologically, hardly any worse form of bridge than a five-span arch could be proposed for this site. Prudence demands a steel single-span structure on the Sydney Harbour model. This solution of the problem was discussed in an article by me in THE SPHERE some two years ago.

The real dangers of the present policy have yet to be faced practically; and it is to be hoped that now, before it is too late, a re-examination of the whole problem will be made.



A GEOLOGICAL PROBLEM: A diagram showing the old course of the Fleet River, which is now the bed of the Thames. The result is that beneath Waterloo Bridge there is an area of disturbed clay, incapable of giving a firm foundation to some of the arches and which, according to the author of the accompanying article, will always prove a source of trouble. The problem would best be solved, he states, by building a single-span steel structure across the river

THREATENED: An old cottage at Hinton Waldrist, Berkshire—a county where 421 houses have recently been scheduled for demolition by the local authorities unless the owners carry out the necessary repairs and improvements. It is not, perhaps, generally realised that "slum clearance" is taking place with almost as great rapidity in rural as it is in municipal areas, and that unless some satisfactory solution of the problem is forthcoming it will not be many years before very few of the old English cottages, which add so much to the charm of the countryside, will remain. Warning of this was given in a most revealing article by Mr. C. Birdwood Willcocks, F.R.I.B.A., in the autumn issue of the *Berkshire Archæological Journal*

THE MELLOW CHARM OF STONE AND SLATE: An unusual three-storeyed cottage at Stanford-in-the-Vale in a part of Berkshire where many old houses have been condemned as unfit for human habitation

ERLEIGH COURT: This historic Berkshire residence, near Reading, is threatened with demolition and the grounds are to be split up for building purposes. Mr. Ernest Dormer, a lover of this old place, has described its beauties in the most glowing terms. "The delights of the Court," he says "are perhaps more potent on a summer evening. When the sun is lowering in the west and the rooks call noisily from their high stations in the park, and across the lands is borne the sound of the bells of Sonning Church to add a restfulness and seek a share in the pervading peace—then is the hour serene. For in the old Parish Church of Sonning are buried many of the long past proprietors of this manor house, and age has bred an affinity that time will not dispel until the Court and its neighbourhood lose their individuality in the demands of a growing community westward"

THE MUNICIPAL FLAT

The Pros and Cons of a Much-Debated Problem Discussed

By A STUDENT OF HOUSING

At least £100,000,000 will probably be spent in the next few years on the building of municipal flats. Under the Government's overcrowding measure approximately 250,000 people will have to be transferred from congested homes into modern tenements. The present is therefore a particularly opportune time to consider some of the relative advantages and disadvantages of high buildings as opposed to open development. The following gives a bird's-eye view of the pros and cons of this much debated question.

DISADVANTAGES

(1) The family living in a fifth storey flat is a long way from the street. If little Teddy is a heavy baby, Mrs. Jones thinks twice about carrying him down to the pram garage in the yard below.

(2) Not only babies, but children living in a high flat are less likely to obtain fresh air and exercise than if they lived in a cottage. Long flights of stairs are a drag upon everyone. Once the family has climbed back tired after work, they will stop in, and not go out of doors.

(3) Mr. Jones has no garden patch on which he can work in the evening. There is no place for a rabbit hutch or carpenter's bench in a tiny flat.

(4) The noise in a flat is a torture to sensitive people, and Lord Horder has proved how injurious such noise is to health. In all flats of cheap construction the sound of the wireless, or the family quarrels next door, the baby crying above, the boy practising a saxophone below, are perpetual nuisances.

(5) The cost of a flat is approximately 20 per cent. more than the cost of building a cottage. Flats, therefore, involve higher subsidies and more losses to public funds.

(6) Mr. Jones cannot keep a dog. He has to be subject to perpetual restrictions imposed by his municipal landlord with a view to trying to make him a good neighbour.

(7) Neighbours met on the stairs are sometimes disagreeable. The communal passages present both moral and physical dangers to tenants, and staircases become untidy and sometimes offensive.

(8) The use of compulsory electric light such as is installed in many London tenements imposes considerable extra cost upon tenants.

(9) Basement flats in high tenements are often sunless and gloomy. Even on the ground floor the sun only reaches the windows for a short period each day.

ADVANTAGES

(1) A fifth-storey flat is better than an overcrowded Victorian tenement. The future municipal block, if over three storeys, will probably be six or more storeys high, and lifts will then be economically possible.

(2) The modern flat has a sun balcony where the baby can lie out in its cradle. Some flats are now being provided with larger balconies where the whole family can have their meals in the open air on a fine day or the children can sleep out on a hot night.

(3) Not all tenants are gardeners or keep pets. There are probably allotments not far away, and a bench for odd jobs is sometimes provided in the pram shed.

(4) With new discoveries in the field of acoustics it is already possible to build sound-proof flats, but is expensive. In any case a flat looking on to a courtyard suffers less from the noise of passing traffic than a cottage built upon an arterial road.

(5) In spite of enhanced cost flats enable more people to be provided with good accommodation in a restricted area. New methods are bringing about cheaper building.

(6) Such restrictions are not confined solely to flats. On many cottage estates the tenant is not allowed to keep animals or birds.

(7) Flats are usually under the control of a Superintendent and special care is taken to try to protect children. In some new flats this evil will be diminished by separate staircases.

(8) In the latest flats of the Kensington Housing Trust, gas at reasonable rates for lighting, heating, and cooking has been installed.

(9) Special care is being taken to ensure free access to sunlight by modern architects, who pay attention to this in the original lay-out.

CONCLUSION

Any impartial observer who personally visits typical examples of cottage estates and flats must come to the conclusion that the small house occupied by one family is preferable to a block of tenements where several hundred families are herded like rabbits in their hutches. As far as building developments have progressed, flats must be regarded as second best, and are mainly justified because they enable use to be made of the limited areas of land available in our industrial centres.

In 1945 the balance should be the other way. Architects are now applying their brains to the designing of flats, and are overcoming the many serious defects of the old-fashioned type.

The 1945 flats will have separate entrances. The long balconies running outside bedroom windows, draughty and inconvenient, will be considered obsolete. Many of the tenements will stand on stilts with the ground floor left open and used, not for human dwellings, but for pram-sheds, workshops, and children's play ground, sheltered from the rain. The spaces left open owing to higher building will be used for gardens and for play. It will be regarded as absurd to build higher than three storeys without the provision of lifts.

To cover the greater expense of the installation and maintenance of lifts the 1945 flats will be at least ten storeys high. Balconies, measuring at least 7 ft. by 5 ft., will enable the whole family to have access to the open air. The flats will be so orientated that they will enjoy the maximum sunshine and ventilation. New methods of steel construction and reinforced concrete should considerably bring down the cost and make it no more expensive than cottage building.

These are no visions. Some of the modern school of architects have shown what can be done, provided the public in general and local authorities in particular will accept new ideas of design, scientific methods of construction, and will not be afraid of applying a new outlook to an old problem.

STEAM DEFIES THE DIESEL:

An L.N.E.R. Train Achieves the Amazing Speed of 108 m.p.h.

A RED-LETTER DAY IN RAILWAY HISTORY: The London and North Eastern engine, *Papyrus*, No. 2750, drawing out of King's Cross Station at the start of its record-breaking run to Newcastle and back which it accomplished last week. The train, consisting of six cars and having a weight of 213 tons, completed the northward journey at an average speed of 67½ miles an hour; the homeward journey at an average of 69.6 miles an hour, and actually attained at one point a maximum speed of 108 miles per hour. Such a feat clearly proves to the world that steam is still a force to reckon with, and it seems probable that if the plan of introducing lighter trains is put into operation even more outstanding results will be obtained

THUNDERING TOWARDS ITS GOAL: The *Papyrus* travelling at speed through the Low Fell Station. The train left King's Cross at 9.8 a.m. and reached Newcastle at 1.5 p.m.—thus covering the total distance of 268 miles in three minutes under four hours. This wonderful performance was achieved in spite of the fact that the train had to come to a dead stop at Doncaster because of single-line working ahead, and lost many valuable minutes which were not regained until passing Darlington

A TRIUMPHANT RETURN: Driver W. Sparshatt and Fireman R. Webster, who were in the cab of the *Papyrus* on the homeward journey from Newcastle, enjoying a welcome glass of beer on arrival at King's Cross. These two men were also in charge of the somewhat lighter train which broke the London-Leeds record last November

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

SINCE J. B. Priestley's *Wonder Hero* I have not read a novel with as true a picture of conditions in the industrial north as there is in THE SHIPBUILDERS, by George Blake (Faber. 8s. 6d.). Its story is the tragedy of the heavy hand of world depression on a staple industry.

The firm of Pagan, with a long tradition of fine, sound shipbuilding behind them, had launched their last ship. Conditions were at last too much for them; they must close down. Thereon the story runs in two parts, and we follow the fortunes of Leslie Pagan and his frivolling, petulant wife, as well as those of Danny Shields, the riveter, now out of work.

Between these two there is a stratum of mutual pride and personal relationship. To the one the blow meant upheaval and a readjustment of life, to the other grim poverty, and the soul-destroying hopelessness of a skilled workman forced to accept an apparently unending vista of "relief." (Danny had been Pagan's batman in the War; the bond between them was a real one.)

But it is Danny's story, and the author's shrewd insight into his character and into the conditions he and his kind have to endure, that is the strength of this fine novel. Mr. Blake writes with sympathy and a deep knowledge of his subject; his real hero is very much a human being, with his full measure of faults and failings, and the throb of life is in his Glasgow scenes.

FAR ENOUGH, by Eugenie de Kalb (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is, I suppose, historical fiction, but in scope, colour, style, and atmosphere it stands out as a remarkable piece of work.

Briefly it is the story of the great Boer Trek of a hundred years ago, when families migrated *en masse* from Cape Colony to what afterwards became the Free State, rather than endure the hated British rule. It is a story of hardship, endurance, and almost incredible heroism; with fighting, murder, treachery, ambush, with intervals of peace and development, right down to the turn of the century when Kruger and his Burghers enter the scene, and we find ourselves at the beginnings of the South African War.

This is something more than fiction, it is the epic story of an heroic people; a book that should live as long as the history of the pioneer days of South Africa has a place in the annals of Empire.

DUSK AT THE GROVE (Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.) is another of those American prize-winning novels which arrive with fanfares of praise in their introduction to our English reading public.

In this case there are adequate reasons for its possible success over here. It is one of those quiet, capably-told sagas of family life whose main charm is its steady, familiar continuity through twenty or thirty years of a life that might have been one's own or the life of one's nearest friend.

The Warings of this story are an agreeable family, not particularly remarkable, and all the more convincing for that. There is a family beauty, a family black sheep, a family scandal, and, most important of all, an unusual sense of unsentimental, sincere family unity and affection. Not a commonplace book by any means, and Mr. Samuel Rogers well deserves to repeat his success in this country.

In THE CHIANTI FLASK (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) Mrs. Belloc Lowndes presents us not so much with a mystery as a problem.

Laura Dousland is standing trial for the murder of her elderly husband. Judge, jury, friends, counsel, press, public, gradually (but very gradually, since the author is a master of suspense) come round to the doubt that it might have been suicide. There could be only one verdict, but, nevertheless, the doubt is still there. Acquitted — yes, but only because nothing has been proven.

Can she then marry the man she loves? Would she not be injuring him? There is the problem. Did I say there was no mystery? Read it and see if you can determine how old Dousland died. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is always good value at this sort of thing.

TO AMERICA AND BACK: Mr. W. H. Robinson, of Pall Mall, with the set of the first four Folio editions of Shakespeare's plays which he purchased for £3,100 at Sotheby's last week. They were sent to this country for sale by the Massachusetts General Hospital, but professional buyers did not display any exceptional enthusiam as the copy of the First Folio had several leaves missing and was not in very good condition

In recent years the market has been flooded with volumes of popularized history, of which Mr. Lytton Strachey was the chief and most brilliant exponent.

The writers of that school found in history, not an example of the follies of mankind and a guide to the trials and crises of the future, but merely the unhewn material for another novel. Perhaps this, besides being the outcome of the spread of popular education, was a reaction from the dryly scientific attitude of the later Victorian historians whose scholarship is marked more by a profusion of footnotes and appendices than by a proper balance and selection of facts.

It is thus a pleasure and a relief to read Dr. H. A. L. Fisher's HISTORY OF EUROPE, Vol. 1 (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 18s.). For one man to write a history of Europe which is more than a summary of hack text-books would seem an almost impossible task, and yet Dr. Fisher accomplishes it with a polished urbanity of style which almost conceals the scope and profundity of knowledge which goes to its making.

Almost conceals it, I say, because not even his easy, effortless writing can hide the brilliance of his choice of facts, the wisdom of his judgment, and the penetrating insight of his character drawing.

Here is a book in which the narrative is so sustained and so fascinating that it makes novelized history a tedious bore in comparison.

Here is a magnificent, a really magnificent, book. THE ROMANCE OF MOUNTAINEERING (Dent. 18s.) does not need an experienced alpinist and climber to appreciate it, although it was written by Mr. R. L. G. Irving, one of the greatest of these.

Mr. Irving is a man who loves climbing and loves mountains, and writes with both gusto and experience, not a common combination. His stories of the great mountaineers, Muir, Mummery, Whymper, Carrel, and many others are more absorbing than fiction could ever be, and his tales of ascents and attempted climbs are hair-raising.

The Canadian Rockies, the Swiss Alps, the Himalayas, the Welsh mountains, the Sierra Nevada, and the Julian Alps are all familiar ground to the writer, and he speaks of all of them in the familiar way one might use about friends or the acknowledged enemies too well understood to be despised.

Of the Himalayas he writes: "Every Everest expedition stands on the shoulders of the one before. The problem is not to find better men, but to bring the picked men to the final assault, fresher, and provided with greater comfort, and, if possible, nearer to the last day's work than before."

There is such enthusiasm, and such single-minded devotion to one kind of life about this book, that I began to think contemptuously of myself for spending so much of my life on level ground, and thought enviously of that company of men and women of whom Mr. Irving writes:

"If you want to find a European of mature age who still retains this privilege of childhood, enchantment, look for him first among men who love mountains."

Mr. Karel Capek has chosen a rather irritating technique for his new novel, but it is nevertheless well worth tackling.

METEOR (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.) is the story of a man who crashes in a burning aeroplane. The pilot dies and he himself is so badly burned that it is impossible to identify him, and in such deep unconsciousness that he does not even utter stray words to guide the hospital people.

Three widely different people reconstruct the story of his life; a nurse, a clairvoyant and a poet, and each of their theories is designed to relate to the others, and to further it. This is more muddling than it sounds, as the theories are diffuse and vague, and only one, the poet's, has any coherence or indication of probability.

However, as this is a novel by Karel Capek, and Mr. Capek habitually writes with distinction, it is to be recommended for that alone.

A small book, rather a charming little book, is LITTLE TALES by Lion Feuchtwanger (Secker. 5s.). And there is a lightness of touch, a deft and delicate satiric note, which comes somehow oddly from the author of *Jew Süss*.

Yet I do not know why it should be odd that any writer should display versatility, except that it is in the English tradition to find oddness in such things.

Perhaps the best of these eight stories are "The Little Season," in which a pompous poet tries to escape from himself and his reputation, and "History of the Brain Specialist, Dr. Bl.," a scientist who claimed to be able to measure human intelligence by a formula. A great Dictator wishes to avail himself of this invention—and does. The story is a gem of caustic skill.

A BOOK LIST

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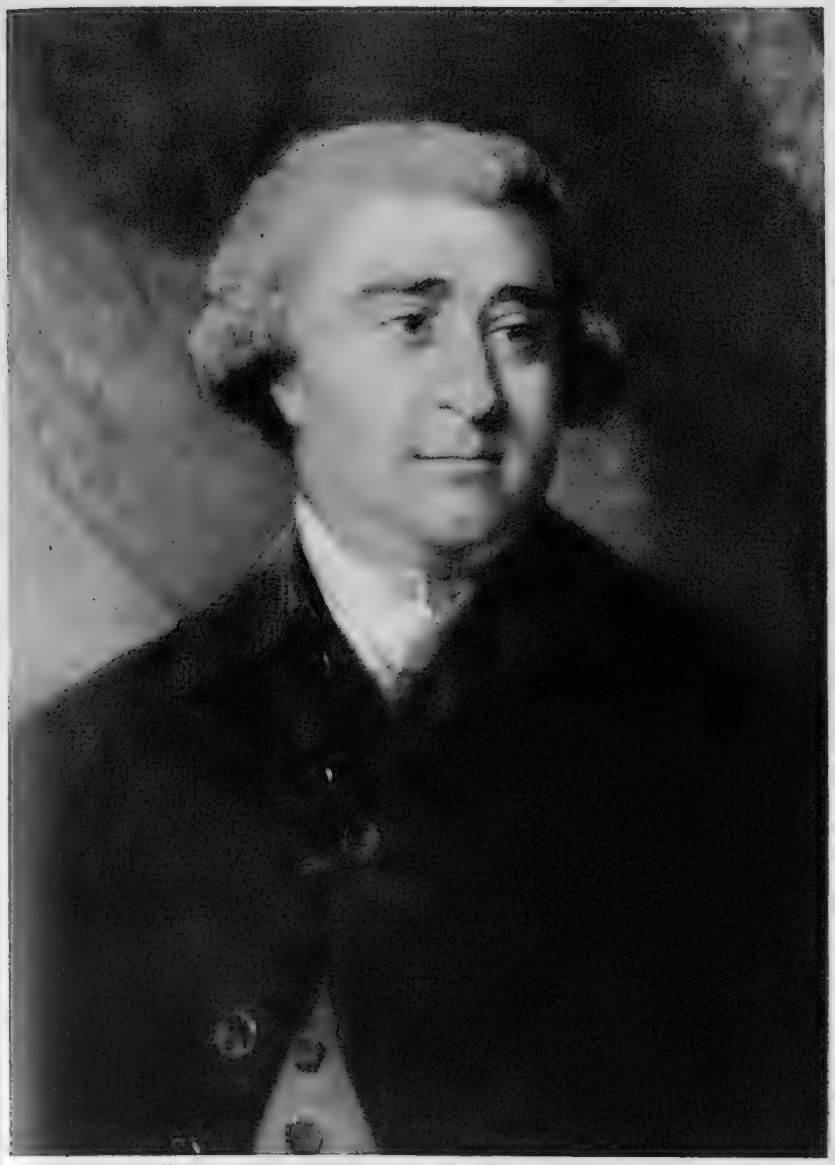
ART NEWS



"CHARLES JAMES FOX," by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

"MARGARET HOLLAND," by GEORGE ROMNEY

Two portraits by English masters of the eighteenth century which have recently been acquired by American collectors. That of Charles James Fox was one of many canvases of the brilliant parliamentary debater painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and it is a replica of the head and shoulders only of a half-length portrait done at an earlier period. The canvas by Romney is in a very different style and typifies the simplicity and charm which the artist infused into so many of his works. The sitter came from Lyme Regis

"THE DEATH OF MAJOR PIERSON IN REPELLING THE ATTACK OF THE FRENCH AT ST. HELIER, JERSEY"

A detail of the historical picture by John Singleton Copley, which is now in the Tate Gallery, and which has recently been cleaned by Mr. Herbert Walker with remarkable success—six coats of heavy varnish having been removed in order to reveal the painting in all its brilliant original colouring. The artist, who was born in Boston and settled in England in 1776, completed this canvas in 1783, and although the principal figures are without doubt actual likenesses of the men who took part in the engagement, he also used members of his household as models. The nurse flying from the battle in terror with a child in her arms is known to have been a servant in the Copley family; the woman on the extreme right represents Mrs. Copley, who was remarkable for her great beauty, while the boy in the knee breeches was the artist's son, who afterwards became Lord Lyndhurst and was three times Lord Chancellor of England. The incident depicted took place on January 6, 1781, when the French, under the Baron de Rullecour, a desperate adventurer, landed under cover of night and took possession of the town of St. Helier. As the Lieutenant-Governor had been captured, the command of the British troops devolved on the youthful Major Pierson, who advanced towards the Royal Square and engaged the invaders with such determination that they were compelled to retire. In the moment of victory, however, the gallant young soldier was shot through the heart and fell dead in the arms of the grenadiers. He was buried on the island with all the honours of war.

PAGANINI, CHOPIN, AND BELLINI

Three Musical Geniuses Brought to Life on the Screen, and Other Film News from Abroad

IN THE AUSTRIA OF HABSBURG DAYS: Marika, the peasant girl, played by Franziska Gaal, asks one of the sentries to convey a message to her soldier lover. An episode in *The Spring Parade*, a sentimental drama of military life made in Austria by the Hunnia-Universel Company

THE AFFAIRS OF BELLINI: Benita Hume and Hugh Miller photographed during a sightseeing tour in Rome, where they are at present engaged in making *Casta Diva*, a film based on the love story of Vincenzo Bellini, the operatic composer who achieved world-wide fame at the age of twenty-six

A STAR FROM THE EAST: Michiko Meinl, the Japanese actress, and Hans Jaray in a scene from the new Austrian film, *The Last Love*. Herr Jaray, it will be remembered, gave a magnificent performance as Schubert in *Unfinished Symphony*, which was recently shown in London

ECCENTRIC GENIUS: Hugh Miller as Nicolo Paganini, the great Italian virtuoso of the violin, in the Anglo-Italian film, *Casta Diva*, which is now being produced in Rome by the Alleanza Cinematografica Company

A MINISTERING ANGEL: Sybille Schmitz as George Sand, the famous French woman novelist, whose devotion to Chopin during his fatal illness forms the central theme in the German picture, *Abschiedswalzer*

A FILM STORY BY ONE OF "THE FORTY IMMORTALS": Spinelly as Athelstane in *La Châtelaine du Liban*, the French picture based on the novel by Pierre Benoit, the well-known writer of psychological studies, who was elected to membership of the French Academy in 1931

STAGE AND SCREEN

Dickens at the Palace Theatre

CLASSIC ENTERTAINMENT: Roland Young as Uriah Heep, the humble but hypocritical clerk, and Freddie Bartholomew in the title rôle of *David Copperfield*, the film version of Dickens' famous novel which has been adapted by Hugn Walpole, and is now being presented with great success at the Palace Theatre

HIS FIRST LOVE: Madge Evans as Agnes Wickfield, "that dull and wearisomely good young woman," and Frank Lawton as David Copperfield. It will be noted that Freddie Bartholomew and Frank Lawton share the principal part; the former depicting David as a child, the latter as a man. The film has received high praise from the critics, and the star cast, including W. C. Fields as the optimistic Micawber, combines admirably to produce an atmosphere of Dickensian reality

ROMANCE ON THE ROAD: The ever-willing Barkis (Herbert Mundin), David Copperfield (Freddie Bartholomew), and Clara Pegotty, David's nurse (Jessie Ralph) on their way to Yarmouth. The courtship of the elder pair provides excellent entertainment

IN THE MONEY: Mr. Brewster (Jack Buchanan) hears over the telephone the surprising news that he has been left £500,000, which he must spend within six months in order to qualify for another and larger fortune. An episode from the film, *Brewster's Millions*, at the Leicester Square Theatre

DRAMA IN AN OUTPOST OF EMPIRE: The planter's bride (Marie Ney) admires the beauties of the estate on the day of her arrival, while her husband (Cecil Parker) sees only indications of a squalid native village. A scene from *Mrs. Nobby Clark* at the Comedy, a play which has as its heroine an actress who leaves the stage to marry and settle down in Burma, only to find the company of the conventional colonists almost unbearable

THE BALLERINA AND THE BEGGAR: Florence Chumbecos and Robert Helpmann in The Beggar's Dream—the Viennese Ballet number in *Stop Press*—Clifford Whitley's polished revue at the Adelphi

DRAMA of the WEEK

Too Much Refinement in the Revival of "The Beggar's Opera": The Court Theatre Re-opens with a Melodrama: Ion Swinley as a Welsh Revivalist in "Glory Be ——": Lawton as Copperfield

By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

AFTER the vigour and gusto of *Henry the Fourth* at His Majesty's Theatre, through which George Robey swings with inspired Elizabethan crudity and realism, the revival of Mr. Gay's *Beggar's Opera* at the Criterion came to me with a sensation of disappointment.

It has not that "living" quality which under Mr. Robey's skilful tuning makes *Henry the Fourth* as up to date as any modern play, and as exciting as any "thriller" might be, despite the intervening years since its first production.

Were Mr. Gay alive to-day (under similar direction), I do not think his author's royalties on *The Beggar's Opera* would earn him the price of that once secluded, beautiful old house, yew-hedged and guarded by majestic oaks, past which our modern cars race down a wide road leading to the West, uncaring that the "For Sale" boards proclaim that it was once his home.

Something there was in his play which delighted the audiences of his day beyond its political or other nuances, but it seems to me that that something is missing at the Criterion.

Some years ago, when *The Beggar's Opera* ran and ran at Hammersmith, there was a suggestion of roystering, a vulgar ripple of brawl and brew to it. At the Criterion the beggars have become ladies and gentlemen.

Miss Isobel Jeans is a charming Lucy Lockit; her voice is deliciously clear and sweet, and her gestures exquisite. But she belongs neither in a tavern nor a gaol. Joan Collier—"t'other charmer"—charms sufficiently for any man to turn bigamist. But such pretty frocks and such pretty ladies! The Ladies of the Town, too; so washed and perfumed. Mr. Gay, I feel, had a very different conception of them.

So much refinement, though pleasant to contemplate, emasculates. Humour, which was ripe and healthily bawdy, dwindles into stagnated politeness on the part of both audience and performers. The gallantry of Macheath remains only in the music, leaving him a magnificent voice in a brilliant coat—an echo of what was once ribaldry and lusty romance.

"The Great Van Dyn."—The Court Theatre has been closed for so long and its re-opening a matter for such satisfaction that Mr. Howieson Culff's choice of *The Great Van Dyn* for his first presentation seems a little unfortunate.

This play by Langdon Barton and John Quin is so nearly a really good "thriller" and yet lamentably fails. There are many lines which raise laughter—laughter which is prolonged and hysterical—but they are lines which are intended to be taken seriously, and have, if it were not for their unfortunate phrasing, considerable bearing upon the action of the complicated play.

Van Dyn is a financier with all the trappings of forged bonds and bogus banking. He has provided for his old age by a method which is ingenious but hardly honest, and part of his arrangements include a new identity in Java which, with his . . . er . . . feminine complement—whom he accuses of having the morals of a cat on the tiles—he flees the country to take up.

Behind him he leaves a dead body, purporting to be his, and Nigel Clarke (Sir Andrew Milne), the discoverer of the falsification of sundry accounts, is regrettably hanged (fortunately "off stage") for what seems to be red-handed murder.

AMBITION: Dorice Fordred as the woman secretary with a secret desire to be a successful playwright. A scene in *Summer's Lease*, the new production at the Vaudeville

In Java, where they have become Mr. and Mrs. Muller, according to plan, eventually retribution overcomes the unscrupulous couple, and Van Dyn, admitting his true identity, proceeds, after interminable explanation, to defeat the gallows by means of revolvers. (In the plural.) One really would have been sufficient!

Franklin Dyall tried very hard to play a part which was good in conception but lamentably unworthy of him. As Van Dyn, bullying, tippling, boastful, and treacherous, he built up a character which on stronger foundations might have been cruelly realistic and perhaps reminiscent. That Van Dyn was merely melodramatic was not his fault. At least the audience laughed only at those of his lines which were intentionally humorous.

Others in the company were not so fortunate.

Mr. Howieson Culff, however, has a future programme in store, including that amusing *Aren't We All?* with members of its original cast, which will, it is to be hoped, keep the Court Theatre well in front of the eyes of the theatre-going public.

At the Phœnix.—I am not wholly in favour of the new play, "*Glory Be ——*" since it deals with several sides to ecclesiastical personalities and policies, whether Church of England, Nonconformist, or the apparently profit-seeking Revivalism, which is the main feature of the plot.

Such a play must give pain to numerous members of the audience, for not all have reached the frank statement of paganism and emancipation proclaimed by the young footballer, Josh Blain, played with hearty zest by Barrie Livesey. Also, as it is still not so long since the theatre was considered by a very large section of the community, and still is by a small, as the habitation of the Devil, it is a pity, to my way of thinking, when so many other subjects are available, to bring in religion to revive ancient and well-lived-down criticism.

Josh Blain, the young professional footballer, is comfortably "at home" on Samuel Crannock's farm not far from the borders of Wales, with Joe, the lodger, and his friend. Josh is engaged to Ruby, Crannock's daughter, but Ruby in youthful enthusiasm commences to confuse religious fervour with adolescent excitement, when Llewellyn Evans comes seeking souls to snatch from perdition.

Llewellyn Evans seems to be a mixture of inhibitions and soul-searchings himself, which leads him from moods in which he communes with a Power which awes him, to find in reaction his bodily impulses stronger than his conscious will.

The sad fact that in Wales and other remote amusement-lacking districts revivalism and religious excitement coincide with a rise in the birthrate, is commented upon in the play, for Josh, to his annoyance, sees that Ruby is no exception to the rule which finds "disappointed virgins" discovering in the physical attraction of their pastor satisfaction which is not as unearthly as they would suppose.

Josh intervenes when he finds Ruby, late at night, in the soul-saver's arms, for he is more concerned with his earthly happiness with her than a possible salvation for her which may have unfortunate consequences before its achievement.

He appeals to a friend, Ivor Williams, well acquainted in the past with Llewellyn, to produce from a district to which the latter has ministered, Nellie Peters, who has achieved the salvation through Llewellyn that Josh fears for Ruby.

Llewellyn has omitted to leave behind any form of maintenance for Nellie's child, and Nellie is not too unwilling to agree that at Llewellyn's big meeting in the Drill Hall she will come forward and claim such rights as she can be said to have earned.

Llewellyn is warned and his departure recommended both by Josh with a large clenched fist and a well-developed foot, and the local minister, who admits the good in revivalism and does not wish it destroyed; it is agreed upon by Llewellyn, who wishes to save his face.

Yet at the last minute he wavers. There is Power in him, he becomes aware of it. As he can sway by mass hypnotism his congregations, so he knows suddenly, he can individuals.

So he goes to face the meeting at which it has been planned his shame shall be proclaimed.

Llewellyn is played by Ion Swinley, and it is a careful study of this Welshman torn asunder

(Continued on p. 412)

IN NEWGATE GAOL: Charles Mayhew makes a picturesque Captain Macheath in *The Beggar's Opera*, which has been revived at the Criterion and is reviewed by Princess Troubetzkoy on this page

HATS which come before the swallows dare

THE SAILOR.—Here is a double-brimmed Sailor, light as a feather, and tilted well forward. It is made in navy celtagel straw and tie silk with an embroidered blue and white spot. A bow is placed between the two brims at one side, and the set is completed by a gilet with three tabs at the front and the two ends looped over one another at the back. It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

THE BABY BONNET.—An enchanting black lace bonnet, so simple and demure. If you are very young, this is the sort of thing to wear with your summer dresses—for Ascot, for garden parties, for all frivolous occasions. A colourful little Victorian posy is placed right in the centre, and the chin strap is of black ciré ribbon. This model comes from Swan and Edgar

THE CAVALIER.—There is a grand dramatic air about this brim, swept back from the face, with the edge rolled over. It is lined with taffeta, and a quill emphasises its broad line, the hat itself being made of tabac felt. It is pulled well down on the back of the head and reveals the whole of the brow. This also comes from Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, W.

SEE NAPLES—

The Jewel of the Mediterranean

UNDER AN AZURE SKY: Naples and its glorious bay

NAPOLI—Mergellina—facchino! the confusion of shouting rises to a frenzy as your train draws slowly to a standstill. A horde of blue-smocked porters struggle for your luggage as if they meant permanently to dispossess you of it. Suitcases are whisked away from under your eyes, but five minutes later you find yourself miraculously re-united with them in the hotel bus, or see them stacked ready for you on a waiting taxi. You have arrived. A three-hours' journey from Rome has landed you in the capital of Southern Italy, and in the heart of what remains, for all that has been written about it, one of Europe's loveliest bays.

The Mergellina Station, clean and spacious and modern, is itself a symbol of that new Naples which has replaced the town with a reputation for chaos and confusion three centuries old. Not that the exuberance of the local temperament can be said to have suffered. You have only to walk up the Via Roma at about seven o'clock in the evening, when everybody is released from the occupations of the day, to reassure yourselves on that score, or listen for five minutes to the really genuine abandon that a café tenor will put into the refrain of "Santa Lucia," although he sings it every night of his life. But there is a new note of discipline that the visitor, and particularly the timid visitor, will find reassuring wherever he goes.

To "get the atmosphere" of Naples a generally unfailing prescription is to spend an hour or so one evening up at Vomero, reached by funicular from a number of points in the centre of the town. There are cafés there, and music, and there is a marvellous view. You see a tangle of roofs and cupolas slipping away into the dusk beneath you and the generous curve of the bay picked out with a thousand twinkling lights. Vesuvius may throw an occasional shower of sparks up into the sky, and your eyes are inevitably attracted towards it, just as in the daytime, and just as the eyes of the Pompeians must have been.

But Naples has more than views alone to offer the sightseer. There are churches enough to fill a guide-book; there is the National Museum, with its collections from Pompeii and Herculaneum that are constantly being enriched with new discoveries. Then, for a wet afternoon (or even for half-an-hour of a fine one), there is the Aquarium, where all the wonders of the deep confront you from their tanks.

POMPEII AND ITS DESTROYER: A view of the ruined city dominated by smoke-capped Vesuvius

The real difficulty about a Neapolitan holiday, unless your time is unlimited, is the embarrassment of riches it has to offer. There is Pozzuoli, with its miniature volcano, the Solfatara, and its splendid Roman amphitheatre, which one just catches a glimpse of from the train before arriving. There is Vesuvius itself, into the crater of which you may peer at your leisure. There is Capri, and on the north of the bay, Ischia, another island, thickly wooded and with long, sandy beaches. Ischia is only just in process of being "re-discovered," and lacks sophistication, but it is a good place for a quiet stay at any time during the summer and there is good bathing. Then on the south side you have Sorrento—a place as lovely as its name—and round the point and although this makes a longish day it is well worth it. At the end of it you will be left with a riot of impressions in your mind—the dark contour of Vesuvius against a brilliant sky that seems to dominate every street in Pompeii; the marvellous fertility of the Sorrento coast line; the Mediterranean, blue, intensely blue, with sunlight dancing on its ripples, in a sudden splendid vista as you reach the point of the peninsula; great towering rocks, through which it seems scarcely credible that the road can force its way, dropping sheer down to the sea below . . . .

If you make this expedition after the middle of May you must be prepared for a good deal of dust, but provided you have a close-fitting hat and a dust or raincoat this need not spoil your pleasure. Amalfi itself can be very hot indeed in summer, and the best times to stay there are in the spring and autumn. Facilities for bathing are limited, but it can be enjoyable, and after the middle of April the water is always warm even by the most exacting English standards. The same thing is true of Sorrento, only there the hottest weather is generally tempered by a slight breeze. And Sorrento, as a place to stay in, has a wider range of accommodation. It is, of course, purely a matter of personal preference, but there are few resorts in Italy I have ever felt such an affection for as this one. Another of them, however, is Capri, only an hour away by boat.

Capri is full of people who explain that they came for a fortnight and have stopped twenty years. And it must be an ideal place in which to spend twenty years if you happen to have them to spare. The hills and the bathing contrive between them to give you sufficient exercise, and even if you are there for only two or three days, they are days you will remember. You will discover that the place has got a life of its own which even the introduction of a motor bus (only the fifth mechanically propelled

Drawn by Percy Home

OFF CASTELLAMARE: Summer in the Bay of Naples

AGRICULTURAL INGENUITY: A scene on the Island of Capri, about twenty-one miles south of Naples, showing how the industrious population cultivate the precipitous slopes by cutting a series of terraces

Amalfi, steep and picturesque and ancient, growing, as it were, out of the rock.

The drive from Naples to Amalfi, along the Sorrento Peninsula, is justly famous. You can do this by motor coach, or you can arrange for the hire of a car through any of the travel agencies, or through your hotel. The motor coach trip includes a visit to Pompeii on the way, vehicle ever seen on the island) to ply between the Piazza and the little hillside village of Anacapri, has not succeeded greatly in disturbing.

Dr. Axel Munthe, in *The Story of San Michele*, endowed Anacapri with a wider fame than it would otherwise have achieved, no matter how many motor buses were introduced, but there is still an air of peacefulness about these olive groves, and on the sweet smelling, open slopes of Monte Solaro that separates them by something more than a stretch of water from the mainland of Europe. The visitor for a single day may not feel this. He will look at Capri from the outside: the Blue Grotto, the coral sellers, the little Piazza that seems as if it had been specially designed to accommodate an eighteenth-century opera. But he will also have the satisfaction of knowing that to look at Capri from the outside is better than not looking at it at all.

A. G.

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276 M.P.H!

WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD SHATTERED

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CASTROL

WITH THE FLEET (Continued from p. 395)

armament firms being in rings and communicating with one another. Whether it can be proved that they have been able so to force up prices in the United States remains to be seen, but it is very certain that it is impossible in Britain, for the dockyards at Portsmouth, Devonport, and Chatham are always in keen competition with the private firms, knowing by practical experience of every type from the destroyer upwards what the price ought to be, and keeping a very strict check on it.

As far as competitive prices are concerned, with the smallest reasonable margin of profit, it may be said that the only occasions on which the Admiralty does not buy at the lowest possible market are when it is influenced towards placing the work in some hardly-hit district or another for the purpose of saving the Treasury the cost of social legislation, principally unemployment benefit. That is admittedly a factor which often influences the placing of contracts, but the exercise of the political pull which used to do so much in the House of Commons is now practically impossible.

It is the actual cost of the ships themselves which causes the trouble, and it is difficult to see how it can be reduced satisfactorily. There are two obvious means; firstly, the reduction of the size of ships, and, secondly, their simplification in order that they may be built very much more cheaply. In the first direction we have tried time and again, in all the aggressive types, to persuade the other Powers to agree to a reduction in the maximum sizes laid down by international agreement, a maximum which has become the minimum by the inevitable tendency of human nature.

As it seems impossible to hope for any change of heart on the part of our neighbours, it remains to be seen whether the cost of individual ships cannot be reduced by the simplification of their design. The *Dreadnought* of 1906 cost just £100 per ton, a price which would have been far less but for the Admiralty's desire to get her finished in record time, and it was regarded as colossal. The modern *Washington* cruiser, faster it is true but little more half her size, practically unprotected by armour and carrying 8-in. guns instead of 12-in., costs nearly £200 per ton in Britain.

It is only partially possible to analyse the British bill roughly in order to find out where the shoe pinches most. All shipbuilding has, of course, gone up in price since the *Dreadnought's* day, so that the hull and machinery of to-day's ship naturally costs more, ton for ton, and horse-power for horse-power, than before the War. But the increase is not enough to account for anything like the total.

A surprisingly large proportion of the total cost of the ship is spent in what might be regarded as minor fittings and gadgets, the smallest fighting ship to-day being very much more elaborate in her fittings, especially as regards gunnery, than capital ships of a generation ago. The optical department, with its wonderful range finders and all the delicate mechanism for giving the ship the chance to hit as soon as she comes within the longest range, and to go on hitting as long as the enemy is within reach, accounts for a surprisingly large sum. Is it really necessary to spend the money?

In some types which have grown up since the War, it is undoubtedly so. In the 10,000-ton *Washington* cruiser, for instance, the first few hits at "long bowls" are practically certain to settle the action, for these ships have very little armour to keep out the 250-lb. shell fired by the modern 8-in. gun. One lucky salvo finding its mark would almost certainly be sufficient to account for £2,000,000 worth of ship and contents, with a crew of 700. The obvious necessity, therefore, is to get one's salvo in first, practically an impossibility without the most elaborate instruments.

MODERN AMERICAN GLASSWARE

A bowl engraved with the signs of the zodiac which will be on view at an exhibition of the new hand-made Steuben glass, which is to be opened on March 20, by Lord Lee of Fareham, at the New Bond Street Galleries of the Fine Art Society. The glass has been made by three young American artists and, with the exception of fused quartz, is said to be the most transparent substance in existence. One of its creators is Mr. Arthur Houghton, Junr., a nephew of the late Mr. A. B. Houghton—former United States Ambassador in London

The same considerations rule in the smaller types, such as destroyers and sloops, whose prices have increased immensely. With the Navy so far reduced, they will be called upon to undertake very heavy duties for the protection of the food supplies and the national existence, and they will have to do their work remarkably efficiently. There simply cannot be any risk of failure for the results would be appalling.

So, apparently, we have to go on footing the big bill until it proves possible to revolutionize naval construction, a happy event perhaps but one which shows absolutely no sign of occurring at the present time.

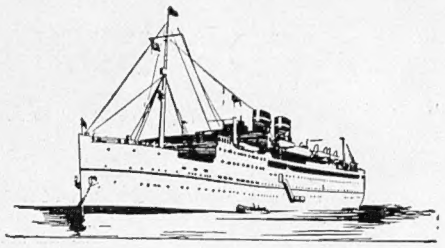
"IN TOWN TO-NIGHT"

(Continued from p. 396)

One of the best voices has been that of Tom Webster who introduced Stephen Donoghue and Larry Gains in this programme. It is droll and attractive. I shall never forget how Steve stammered over the phrase "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." It sounded more like eucalyptus by the time he had done with it.

Yes, this programme reminds us very vividly of the peculiar people there are in this world. There was the railway porter whose voice could be heard as far as the railway station on either side of the one at which he worked. There was Nobby Nicol, who has sold newspapers to the troops on Salisbury Plain for countless years and whose delivery was extremely disjointed because he had to use a magnifying glass to read his script, and thus had some difficulty in finding the beginning of each line when he had come to the end of the previous one. There was also Mark Hill, one of the pioneers of penny-farthing bicycles, who had forgotten his spectacles, and having been lent a pair by a Battersea coffee-stall keeper who was in the same programme that evening, found that he had never been able to read so clearly in his life. There was also the sardine king who believed in maturing sardines as though they were wine, on the theory that they improved with age. A lot of enquiries arrived after his broadcast. Then there was the old lady who earns her living by waking up people at 5 a.m. by blowing a pea from a pea-shooter at the window of the room in which they slept. So unerring was her aim that she could hit the correct pane of glass even though it was on the third or fourth storey.

As one who prefers people and actualities to lectures, I hope that the "In Town To-night" will continue permanently (with the annual break from June to October). It will of course grow increasingly difficult for Mr. Hanson to continue to find suitable personalities for the programme. Perhaps readers of THE SPHERE may have suitable people in mind. If they have, perhaps they would let me know, and I would pass them on to the right quarter.



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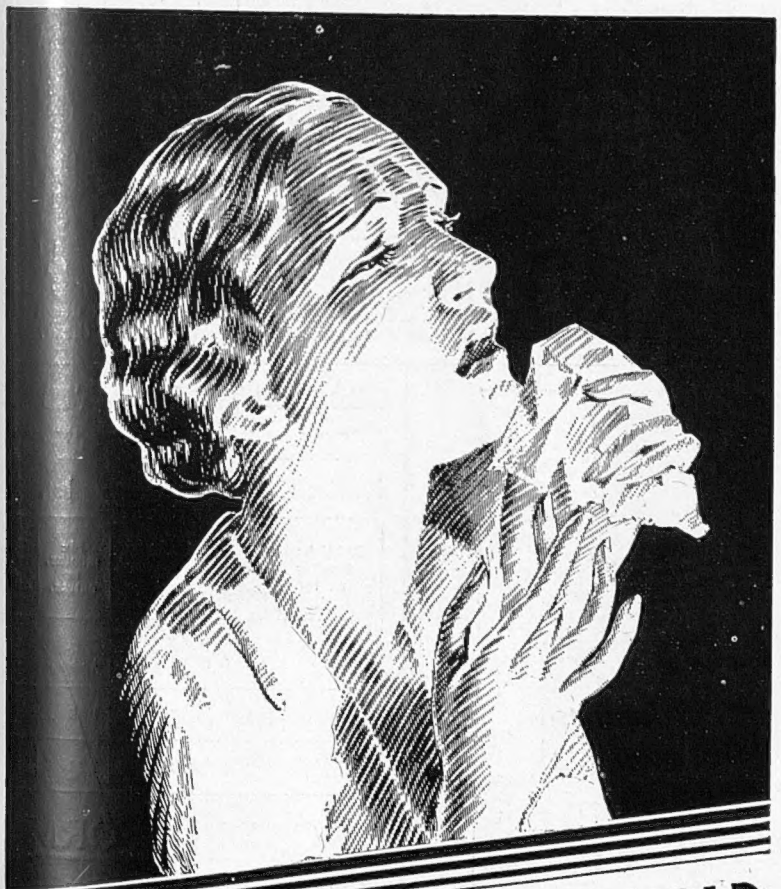

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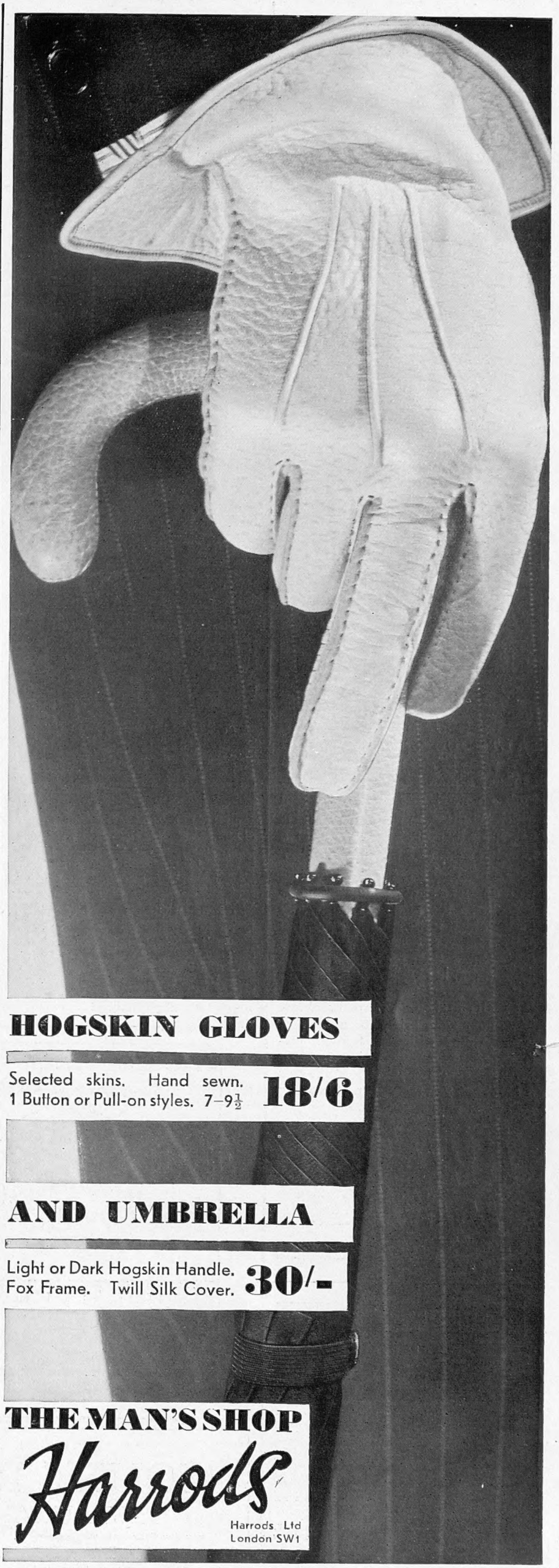

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FRANK LAWTON AS DAVID COPPERFIELD

Interprets a Dickens Character with Subtle Charm in a Notable Hollywood Picture

(Continued from p. 406)

by the fight between his body and his mind.

Not until the very end does he allow any sympathy for the canting, scheming preacher, who is so obviously turning religion into his bread and butter and seeking

TRIUMPHS OF YESTERDAY: Posters advertising some of the late Sir Nigel Playfair's productions at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, which are now being shown at a memorial exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, together with original designs for scenery and costumes. The posters were all printed by Messrs. Miles and Co., of Wardour Street

jam to spread on it. Then, deftly, he shows the other side of Llewellyn. Still unscrupulous, still scheming, undefeated and unshamed through his own skill in playing upon the emotions of women, yet with a Purpose, which has been to his own astonishment revealed to him.

That that Purpose was not made clearer is the one flaw in a well-written play.

A Dickens Film.—At the Palace Theatre *David Copperfield* is going to keep the b x office busy.

Frank Lawton, who on the opening night came forward to respond to the audience's delighted appreciation of this excellent film, has interpreted Dickens with subtle charm and brilliant acting. That is to be expected of him. What is very astonishing is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's skill in finding a little boy who not only acts superbly as the child David, but in appearance, gestures, and expression is exactly what one must imagine was Frank Lawton as a child!

The continuity is perfect. One can hardly believe that the film has not paused for the "little" David to grow up!

There is, also due to superb child acting, one of the most dramatic and beautiful shots I have ever seen on the screen. The little David is on the seashore with little Emily (Fay Chaldecott). Not only is this little girl as accomplished and as polished an actress as any I have ever seen, but after a skilful mimicry of the game she is playing, she runs over the sands, out on to a perilous jetty, to stand high above the rolling waves sweeping upward as if to tear her from the few inches of woodpile upon which she is so delicately poised.

The wind blows her billowing, heavy skirts, and there is no one in the audience who is not ready to start from his seat, to scream with the terrified David, "Come back . . . come back . . ."

Despite an all-star cast in which every performance is so good that it is impossible to single out one more than another for praise, the children "run away" with the picture. There is also a little dog — very worthy in technique to rank with a cast which includes Roland Young (an even worse Uriah Heep than imagination can picture, in his loathsome 'umbleness and treachery), Lewis Stone, Maureen O'Sullivan as well as Frank Lawton.

There is in this film, as there was in *The Dictator*, a beautiful thread of accompanying music. It is as good as the dialogue, which is saying a great deal! The care that has been given to this generally unnoticeable feature, which yet can hold and give so much importance to the screen, is an interesting indication of the trend of Hollywood's development which, in many ways, is leading back to the almost silent picture.

The excellence of the musical accompaniment was also noticeable in the film version of Barrie's *Little Minister*.

RACING HEADQUARTERS: The imposing new premises of the Jockey Club at Newmarket

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A boy who left the Training Ship *Arethusa* only four or five years ago has qualified for his Second Mate's Certificate. This speaks well for the training received by the boys in the *Arethusa*, where they are trained for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. The Society also has homes at Bisley, Esher, London, Orpington, Royston and Twickenham, and funds are most urgently needed to assist in this great work. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

LOTTE SCHOENE: Who will give the last of the London Lieder Concerts at the Hyde Park Hotel on Sunday, March 17, when she will sing Lieder by Schubert and Schumann

The £ Stabilised

The Société des Bains de Mer (Monte Carlo) has decided that, in view of the unsettled condition of the pound, guests staying at either of their hotels (Hotel de Paris and Hotel Hermitage) may settle their bills at the rate of 74 francs per pound. This decision will be welcomed by the British guests, who are thus relieved of all anxiety which the present uncertainty may cause them.

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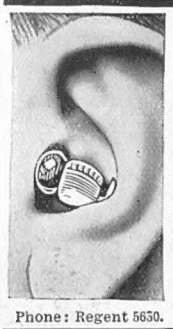

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

F., Cheshire (Finland).—The best months for a fishing holiday in Finland are June, July, and August. The fishing is done mostly early in the morning between 4 and 8 a.m., and a raincoat should be taken. The best centres for fishing salmon, grayling, and trout are in Lapland, around Petsamo, which is on the Arctic Ocean, though pike and perch can be fished in the archipelago and lakes near Helsingfors. Mosquitoes are most troublesome in Lapland in June, but are not found much in south and middle Finland. Petsamo is a three-days' journey from Helsingfors, passengers travelling by train to Rovaniemi and thence by motor-coach along the famous Arctic road. The fare is £9, which includes all hotel accommodation and meals whilst en route. At the various inns near Petsamo you would get terms for 10s. per day. The journey to Helsingfors can be made by the Finland Line, with weekly sailings from Hull. The return journey from Petsamo could be made by steamer from Kirkenes, round the North Cape, and down the Norwegian coast to Bergen. Such a trip would be unique and most interesting. The Finland Travel Bureau, Ltd., 19, M. Esplanadgatan, Helsingfors, Finland, could make all arrangements for your holiday in Finland.

C. Berks (Greece).—The Nordenfjeldske Line run cargo boats to Piræus, the fare being calculated at the rate of 15s. per day. The boats usually call at various ports in the Mediterranean, including Barcelona, Genoa, Leghorn, Valencia, and Malaga, but naturally the fewer ports of call, the cheaper becomes the fare. The Ellerman Line also run cargo boats to Greece, the return fare being £45, irrespective of the length of the voyage. The return second-class fare from London to Athens overland is about £30.

N. Yorks (Cruises).—The only cruises to the Dalmatian coast during April and May are those of the *Arandora Star* and the *Orontes*. The *Arandora Star* of the Blue Star Line leaves Southampton on April 17 for a 24-days' cruise to Morocco, Sicily, Dalmatia, and Algeria, the fare ranging from 44 guineas. The *Orontes* of the Orient Line leaves London on May 4 for a 20-days' cruise to Dalmatia, Italy, Sicily, and Morocco, the fare ranging from 20 guineas.

L., London (Cyprus).—For a long stay in Cyprus you should take both summer and winter clothing, for though it is hot during the summer, the climate of the plains from November to May is bracing and cool, though sunny. During the summer most of the residents go up to one of the hill resorts, but even there you will require only the lightest of clothing. Sun helmets or double terais (felt hats with a double brim) are worn. During the winter you will need fairly warm clothing, and should you be going up into the hills then you would be glad of a fur coat. Living in Cyprus is cheap, the best hotels charging about 10s. per day.

Hints to Travellers

The Italian State Railways are having six electric trains built which will develop an average speed of 72 m.p.h., to be increased if necessary to 82 miles. The coaches are specially built to resist high speeds without jolting. These trains are expected to be ready for the inauguration of electric traction on the Florence, Rome, Naples line, and the distance between Milan and Rome, via Florence, which now occupies 12 hours by the fastest trains, will then be covered in 7 hours, while the journey from Milan to Naples will be a 9-hour one only. The Italian State Railways deserve congratulations on this great speeding up in railway travel.

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